

(6)

THE
TOAST,
AN
EPIC POEM,
IN
Four BOOKS.

Written in *Latin* by
FREDRICK SCHEFFER,
for *London*
Done into *English* by
PEREGRINE O DONALD, Esq;
London

VOL. I.

*Siquis erat dignus describi, quod Malm, aut Fur,
Quod Moechus foret, aut SICARIUS, aut alioqui
Famosus; multa cum libertate notabant.* Hor.

DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year, M DCCXXXII.

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1901 q. 1.000.000 best. & d. 1.000
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Table 33. Cost of 1.25 kg Chopped Beef 22c per kg
Oats per Kg 1.8d. & Baking Soda 30c per kg
2.11 kg Flour 1.14 per kg
Total 4.50

ERRATA.

Page 1. l. 3. read *Noctivagator*. p. 10. l. 7: r. *studet* p. 26. l. 2. r. *who sung*. p. 32. l. 10. r. *Mar del Nort*. p. 34. l. 8. r. *O! the Torch*. p. 35. l. 10. r. *the Form*. p. 37. l. 7. *for, acquire more*. r. *accumulate*.

In the NOTES.

Page 23. Col 2. l. 1. read *Colauda*. p. 25. col. 2. l. 2. *dele has*. Ibid, l. 6. r. *Pieridum*. pag. 30. col. 1. l. 32. r. *les grands*. p. 47. col. 1. l. 14. *for undertake*, r. *take*.

THE
**TRANSLATOR'S
 PREFACE.**

WHEN I was last winter in *Dublin* I met with a *Latin* poem in old Monkish rhymes intitl'd *Phœbus Noctivagator, seu Hermaphoroditus*, which was publish'd there in 1728. The Author, Mr. *Frederick Scheffer*, is a *Swede*, or, as some say, a native of *Lapland*. He came into *Ireland* (as I am inform'd by my bookseller) in the reign of his Grace the Duke of *G—n*, in order to recover a sum of money due to him for a freight of copper. But as this happened very unluckily for him at a time when the whole Nation had conceiv'd an insuperable aversion to that metal, and could not be persuaded to revere even the image and superscription of *Cæsar*, if impress'd upon copper, our author found himself engaged in great difficulties, and was oblig'd to prosecute a long expensive law suit, before he could obtain an order for the payment of his money. This was the labour of some years, during which time Mr. *Scheffer*, at his leisure hours, studied the constitution of our government, the customs and manners

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of our people, and acquir'd a competent skill in the *English* language. In his Preface he has hinted the motives which induc'd him to write the following Poem. But whatever was his real design, the *Irish* Nation is greatly oblig'd to him, who has here disclos'd several anecdotes and curious occurrences which had escap'd the notice of all our own Historians, Biographers, Memoir-writers, &c. I will not presume to defend Mr. Scheffer's versification, which I perceive has given great offence to some modern Critics and others, who set up for classical writers, as he himself seems to apprehend it would do. Yet allow me to say, that in this respect he has wholly conform'd to the genius of his own country, where no poems, whether written in a living or a dead language, are in any reputation if rhyme is wanting; and a *Laplander* cannot find any harmony in the numbers of *Virgil*. Another objection, as I have heard, has been made to the characters and persons which our Author has introduc'd as being far beneath the dignity of an Epic Poem, and only fit to appear in a *Dutch* Music-house or a *Smithfield* Droll. *Myra*, the principat Hero or Heroine (for she was both a man and a woman) from whom the Poet has denominated his work, is represented as a deform'd old Hag, possess'd of all the vices and ill qualities that can possibly enter into the composition of an Human creature. The Picture of the witch *Duessa* in *Spencer* is scarce more shocking than the Description of Scheffer's Hermaphrodite. Even *Mars* and *Volcan*, the two Gods, to whom our Author addresses his

Invo-

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Invocation, and whose great Deeds he labours to record, presently sink in the Reader's esteem, and at length appear as infamous as any of the lowest order of Mortals. But to this it may be answered, that Praise is not always to be restrain'd to the Virtuous, the Wise or the Brave. Tyrants and Fools have had their Poets and Panegyrists, their real or pretended Admirers: and the Best and Wittiest men have sometimes employ'd their talents in celebrating the actions of the very Worst. *Don Quixote* was a Madman, Sir *Hudibras* was a Coward and a Knave, and the Devil himself is the Hero of the noblest Poem that is extant in the *English* tongue. But if our Author has his faults, it must be confess'd, that he has likewise many excellencies. His design is regular, just, and uniform. He has observ'd a proper compass of time, the whole Action of the Poem having been accomplish'd in forty eight hours. His Adventures are not out of nature or possibility. The Metamorphosis of *Myra* is indeed a wonderful Event: and the Poet has called in a Goddess to perform the Operation. Yet if credit may be given to some learned Historians and Anatomists, even such a Change may be wrought without the interposition of a Deity, and is not uncommonly the effect of a natural cause. But I shall enlarge on this subject in my Annotations on the fourth Book, where the manner of the old Matron's Transformation is particularly reported. I don't know whether it will be allow'd as a proper commendation of our Author to say, that the Battle of *Mars* and *Myra*, which is the chief Action and Cata-

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strophe of the Poem is related simply without any poetical ornament, or any one circumstance or incident thrown in by the Author to embellish his Narration. From hence some learned Criticks have too hastily concluded, that Mr. Scheffer has aim'd rather to be thought a faithful Historian than a good Poet. Thus my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, *Schefferus noster Mavortis ac Miræ monomachiam cantando ne quidem aliquid affinxit, neque vera falsis remiscuit; sed res gestas, personasque tales exhibuit, quales ante Schefferi carmen nobis innotuere.* *Veretur profecto vir bonus nè nimis poeta esse videatur.* Mr. Scheffer, in his description of the Combat between *Mars* and *Myra* has added nothing of his own, nor mingled Fiction with the true History: but he has drawn the Combatants such as they are, and has related the particulars of the Fight exactly as they happened; which were well known to us before Mr. Scheffer publish'd his Poem. This honest Gentleman was really afraid of being reputed too much a Poet. Mr. Wetstein in his Preface to the *Amsterdam* Edition of our Author's works, gives into the same opinion, *Hermaphro-diti & Martis duellum satis dignè scripsit Schefferus.* *Haud quid autem commentus est de suâ sententiâ, nec carmini addidit pondus.* *Fidus histori-olæ scriptor; timidus poeta.* Scheffer has given us a relation of the Duel which *Mars* fought with the Hermaphrodite; and he has told his tale well enough; but he has not added any circumstances from his own invention, so as by that means to adorn and give a weight to his Song. He is a faithful

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faithful Historian, but a very timorous Poet. But with all due deference to the judgment of these Great Men, I do not conceive, that a good Historian and a good Poet are incompatible characters; or that a mighty Warrior needs any adventitious blazonry, and to be dress'd up with false colours, when the true history of his life and actions is sufficient to create surprize and delight in every Reader. If I was dispos'd to celebrate King *Arthur* and the Knights of histable, or to exalt some other Worthies among his Royal Successors, I should certainly have recourse to the Invention of my Muse, both to form the Hero, and to furnish the Adventures. But if I was to describe *Alexander at Tyre*, *Cæsar at Alexia*, or the late King of *Sweden* at *Bender*, I should scarce think I did any honour to the Heroes or to my self, by involving the greatest deeds that ever were perform'd in Fiction and Fable,

Thus much I have thought proper to say in behalf of my Author. On my own account I shall only add, that I have followed him step by step, and have endeavoured to render the exact sense and meaning of this famous Gothic Poem. Indeed my Version is almost literal, as may immediately be discern'd by comparing it with the Original. I have taken no other liberties, but only in the first place, to change Mr. Scheffer's Title, which I could not possibly adapt to the voice of the *Dublin Hawkers*, on whose Address I must chiefly depend for a quick sale of my Book: and, secondly, to leave out some Unpolite Epithets and Expressions, which, however they might delight a Northern ear,

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would certainly give Offence to a fair *British* Reader,

I cannot conclude without acknowledging, that the Observations and Notes, with which I have illustrated this Translation, are partly extracted from the Comment of *Tir-Oen*, and the Critical Dissertations of Messieurs *Cuper* and *Wetstein*, and partly compil'd from the private Memoirs and Informations which I have receiv'd from some intelligent Friends touching the Lives and Adventures of *Schef-fer's Heroes*.

THE

THE
AUTHOR'S
PREFACE.

I Did not compose the following Poem to acquire a sudden reputation in this kind of writing, nor have I now made it publick at the request of my Friends ; but purely to testify my gratitude to some Honourable Personages, from

NOTES on the AUTHOR's PREFACE.

* *I did not compose, &c.*

Verficulos hosce neque pro famâ feci, ut repente sic Poeta prodirem, neque amicorum rogatu jam Typis mandavi. Cum autem innumera maximaque in me beneficia contulissent Comitissa quædam Perhonorabilis Sociique ejus maxime colendi, nè ingratum dicerent, &c.

Our Author has certainly alledg'd a very justifiable reason for the publication of his work, however he may have succeeded in the opinion of the *Beaux esprits*. There are Benefits which de-

mand a publick acknowledgment, and which cannot properly be return'd in any other manner. As there are Crimes which the hand of justice cannot reach, and which can no otherwise be punish'd than by being expos'd : and which ought to be expos'd in order to prevent honest men from being deceiv'd by appearances, and circumvented under the colour and masque of friendship. This in my opinion is the best apology that can be made for Personal Satire.

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whom I have receiv'd very many and some very extraordinary favours during my residence in *Dublin*. If the *Gothic* Muse hath fail'd to make her Compliments with a just delicacy, or in a manner suitable to the elegant taste of this Country, yet I flatter my self that my Endeavours will be thought laudable; and I hope that the Dignity of my Subjects may excite some abler Bard to treat 'em with a greater propriety, to illustrate the characters, and do justice to the merit of my noble Patrons and Benefactors. I may perhaps incur the displeasure of some modern Wits for having reviv'd a Species of Poetry which has been in disuse for more than two hundred years past. I shall listen with great respect and deference to their Animadversions. But I here declare once for all, that I defy malevolent Criticks of all denominations, those only excepted ^a who,

if

NOTES on the AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

^a Who if they fail to stab, &c.

Hominem, cuius fama lædi non possit, ex insidiis occidere meditantur. Si forsitan Sicarios istos, &c.

Mr. Scheffer, during the last year of his residence in *Dublin*, very narrowly escaped being assassinated. One of the Russians, who were hired for that purpose, either out of a remorse of conscience, or in hopes of a greater reward, came privately to our Author, and discover'd the villainy; But not till after they had

laid in wait for him a week or ten days without finding a proper opportunity of executing their design. It will not be amiss to mention here the opinion of Mr. Wetstein, the learned Dutch Commentator. His words are these, *Patroni maxime colendi, simul & sicarii nequissimi, quos memorat Schefferus in proemio, nec non delecti heroes, quos cecinit poeta, 'Auribarba, i. e. ipsissimi sunt.* Mr. Scheffer's most honoured patrons, and the wicked Assassins, of whom he makes mention

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if they fail to stab a man's Reputation, will attempt to assassinate his Person. Such I know there are, and therefore, as often as I shall be oblig'd to pass near the habitation of these Savages I will put my self into as good a posture of defence as I can. In the mean time I derive much satisfaction from the uprightness of my own Intentions, and from the approbation of those ingenious and worthy Gentlemen to whose judgment I submitted this Poem before I would venture to send it abroad. Let it not be thought any vanity in me, that I have here prefix'd their Testimonies; since in this I am abundantly justify'd by the practice of many ancient and modern Bards, my great Predecessors and Contemporaries.

NOTES on the AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

mention in his Preface, as likewise the Heroes of his Poem are the same Individual persons. I cannot conceive what reading or information could suggest to Mr. Wetstein such a thought: sure I am, that no body will be found

to subscribe to his opinion, but who must first be persuaded, that all the Compliments in our Author's Preface are a meer Irony, and that the whole Poem is Allegory and Burlesque.

I L L U S.

ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO
FREDERICO SCHEFFER,
TIR-OEN, Corcagienfis
S. P. D.

QUIS genus, quis Semivirorum amores
Nesciat, risum teneatve, seu Cra-
ticulam sumis celebrare, Scheffer,
seu Calicndrum?

Aptior ludo nova forma Miræ

Virgines urit; Veneremque matrona
Omnis explorans studit æmulari

Prodigiosam.

Æmulantur Dique Deæque, quot sunt;

Te canentem Mulciberumque Martemque;

Et rogant, ut Tu simili Camænâ

Se quoque laudes.

To

To the Most Illustrious
FREDERICK SCHEFFER,

TIR-OEN, of the County of Cork

Sendeth Greeting.

SCHEFFER, 'tis to thee we owe

All of HERMAPHRODITES we know.

Thy Focund Muse will never tire one

Pleas'd with thy PERUKE and GRIDIRON.

Is there on Earth a Wanton Dame

Who does not envy Myra's frame?

Is there a God, that wou'd not be

Vol, or the Warriour, sung by thee?

CLAS.

CLARISSIMO VIRO
FREDERICO SCHEFFER,

Vandalorum poetarum prægloriosissimo.

TALIA dum referas plectro majore, Poeta,
Cinge caput. Phæbi laurea jure tua est.

Aut nulli heroes, aut nunc sine honore fuissent;

Grandiloqui vatis si periisset opus.

Ante tuam musam quis Prati detulit artes?

Imperiumque Smitum credidit esse Deum?

Jam tepebit omnis anus, mœchisve tepebit Iernis:

At solum vestrae est utraque nota Venus.

Fæmineâ indutus sic ueste latebat Achilles;

Sic nymphas iniit, sic et adulter erat.

Sic pueram frustra mentito astutus Ulysses

Heroi imposuit nomen & arma viri.

Esse

To the Renowned
FREDERICK SCHEFFER,

The most glorious of all the *Vandal* poets.

While the PERUKE and GRIDIR'N the Muses
resound,

Let thy temples, O Scheffer, with laurel be crown'd!

Hadst not thou, mighty Poet, such wonders reveal'd,

The Exploits of our Heroes had still been conceal'd;

We shou'd still have believ'd J--n--y P— a mere clod,

And whoe'er had suspected old S— was a God?

We shou'd still have believ'd that a Dame of threescore,

As a Woman might love—but cou'd do nothing more:

Thus in petticoats clad was Achilles unknown;

Thus the Nymphs he deceiv'd—and all Wives were
his own.

Till, like thee, cunning Uly found out the Mock-dame,

And restor'd to the Hero his arms and his name,

Esse puto Miram magni Chironis Alumnum :

Hæc quoque Peliden ore, animoque refert.

Fervidus, æquè aptus veneri, implacabilis irâ,

Succubuit fato victus uterque pari.

Haud aliter, quam nunc Miræ jaculatus ocellos

Pulvis, Achilleum perculit hasta pedem.

Ruffini in Regno
Monzaæ. Kal.
Oct. 1728.

PHILIPPUS CHRISTIANUS

To

One would think too that Chiron thy Myra had taught:

*As his Pupil so furious she look'd— and she fought;
Both impatient in Love—implacable in Hate,
Nor unskilful their Foes — nor unequal their Fate ;
Nor a weapon more sure, thrown alike by surprize,
Was the Dart in his Heel than the Dust in her Eyes.*

Cattle Town in
the Kingdom of Man.
1. Oct. 1728.

PHILIP CHRISTIAN.

IN

FREDERICI SCHEFFERI
 HERMAPHRODITUM
 KNAPPUS CORCAGIENSIS,
 ÆNIGMA-ASTROLOGUS.

DUM cœli faciem meditor, dum ænigmata fingo,
 Grandia doctiloquus dicit sua carmina Scheffer :
 Immanem memorat Miram, quæ, publica cura,
 Cunctorumque Uxor quondam famosa virorum
 Indomitâ rabie, facta est currentibus annis
 (Sic Veneri placuit) cunctarum Vir mulierum.
 Sic quoque Tiresiam fertur mutâsse jocosus
 (Quis fuit ille ?) Deus ; sic maxima gaudia cepit
 Alternis vicibus modo mas, modo fœmina yates.

Gothicus hæc — & jam paulo majora —
 Exhibit Eblanæ formasque artesque Deorum,

Quales

B Y

— K N A P P, Ænigmatical-Almanack Maker of the City of Cork,

Upon reading the

HERMAPHRODITUS

OF

Mr. FREDERICK SCHEFFER.

QAINT Riddles I compose, but Scheffer brings
A nobler Verse — The British Myra sings;
The mighty Thing, which Lesbian Loves began,
Whilom the wanton Wife of every Man,
Now haply form'd, in the decline of life,
A vig'rous Gallant fit for evry Wife.

Tiresias thus some sportful God employs,
Changing the Sex, to prove alternate Joys.

C

Then

Quales nec cecinit Naso, nec Jupiter optat.

Callidus ecce senex Vol computat AEs alienum

More novo. Mox idem AEtneas evocat ignes,

Et tumidis Buccis educit Vitrea Vasa.

Hic quoque Venator (neque nunc infamia terret

Gafnei fustis) Caliendro Corniger adstat

Armatus Mavors: cedit victricibus armis

**Monstrum horrendum, ingens, olim pulcherrima
Conjux.**

Then

Then in sublimer Strains he tells—

*What Forms and Arts from Dublin Gods have
sprung :*

(Such Jove ne'er practis'd, nor has Ovid sung)

How wily Vol new Rules of Counting taught,

And the Glass Bottle to perfection brought :

How Mars Beperrwig'd redeem'd his fame,

Subdu'd a Monster, once his lovely Dame.

(e) i

— Not all teachers consider it worth
the trouble to learn Diction. But most consider
it a great help in getting the best results.
The following is a good example of the
difference between the speech of the
average teacher and that of the
average student. The teacher says:
"I am going to have a
good time at the
picnic." The student says:
"I am going to have a
good time at the
picnic."

三

• 3

THE

TOAST.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SING, O Muse, *Phœbus' Wrath!* say what Cause
could persuade

So polite a young God his own Toast to degrade.

In old *Myra* say how a new Furor began,

Who extended her Figure, and stretch'd it to Man.

O resound

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. Sing, O Muse, Phœbus
Wrath.

Iram Phœbi musa cane.

Our Author opens his Poem in Imitation of Homer's *Mahn d'is's Θεοί*, but not with equal Simplicity. For Mr. Schæffer has here in the Invocation propos'd the Arguments of his whole Work. Either this manner of Writing is most agreeable to the *Gothic* Taste, or our Author intended to excite the attention of his Readers by offering such uncommon Subjects. Mr. *Weiffen* (who now and then deals with *Schæffer* and his Heroes too with great freedom) says, that it

could only have entered into the head of a *Laplander* to have jumbled together an HERMAPHRODITE, a GRIDIRON, and a PRUKE in order to form the Plan of an Epic Poem.

Ver. 3. In old *Myra* say how, &c.

Quur ex vetulâ impurâ

Furor novus & Figura.

Quis ex Mirâ finxit Mirum
Ex Matronâ Semivirum?

Here is a low Pun on the name of *Myra*, a sort of Wit with which this Work much abounds. But I have carefully avoided

O resound the Utensil invented for Grilling !

5

Let it henceforth be Splendid as *Philips* his Shilling !

Tell

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

avoided it in my Translation without deviating however from the Sense of my Author. *Myra* — This Lady, who is the Heroine of the Poem was descended from a good Family among the *Coritani*. She was a Woman of an extraordinary Stature, and of such Vigour and Strength of Body as was not equal'd by any of her Contemporaries. 'Tis said that when she was but eighteen Years of Age, she was a Match for *Milo*, and, like that famous Wrestler, cou'd carry a full grown Bull. But I am apt to believe this is not to be understood literally, but in that proverbial Sense in which *posse Taurum tollere que vitulum sustulerit*, is explain'd by *Quartilla* in *Petronius Arbiter*. Nor was our noble Matron debilitated by Age, or her Concupiscent Appetite in the least decay'd, when she had nearly arriv'd to the grand Climacterick. Even the ruins which had been made in her outward form by the malice of Father Time, she had so artfully repair'd and varnish'd over, that *Apollo* himself was deceiv'd by her first Appearance, as he had been by the shining Character which one of his favourite Bards had bestow'd on her. This Mistake or Misinformation, and the Incidents which follow upon it furnish the chief matter of Mr. *Scheffer's* Poem. For the God having been rallied for toasting the old Dame, and thereupon making a nearer inspection, he discovered all the defects of her Person, and the various arts, which she us'd to disguise them. And farther examining into her Conduct and Constitution, and the Frame and Temper of her Mind, he plainly perceiv'd, that she had been guilty of all kind of Pollutions; that unfeated by her male Gallants she daily practis'd that unnatural Act the Spaniards call *Donna con Donna*. His Godship was so much

asham'd and incens'd to be thus disappointed, that in revenge he publish'd the famous Edict, which Mr. *Scheffer* has recited in his third Book. Among other Prohibitions contain'd in this Edict our old Matron was for the future interdicted all Commerce with Men. But this severe Sentence was immediately defeated by the Interposition of *Venus*. The Goddess thought her self highly affronted in the Person of her Votary. She was not unmindful of the Obligations, which she ow'd to *Myra*. And moreover she rightly judg'd, that the Loss of so indefatigable a Servant, and of one so thoroughly experienced in all Venereal Rites and Ceremonies, cou'd not but be very prejudicial to the Affairs of her Empire. She was indeed unable to rescind *Apollo's* Decree, it being an immutable Order of the Fates, that one God may not be permitted to undo the Acts of another. She therefore instantly chang'd our Matron into a Man, transferring at the same time to her new Being all that Vigour and Vicinity, which *Myra* was wont to exert in her Womanhood, together with all other Privileges and Advantages usually annexed to the Male Sex. *Myra*, after her Transformation, was possest with so much Fire and Courage, that she engaged her *quondam* Husband the God of War in a single Combat. But just as the Victory inclin'd to her side she was overcome by a Stratagem. See the Note on Ver. 31,

Ver. 5. O Resound, &c.

Ofellas torret quod, cantato !
Craticulam resonato !
Fulgur cuius vincat nil, ipsius ne vel Jacci Philips

Nummulus

Tell us how 'twas apply'd to confound Calculation,
 To enrich a great Artist, and beggar a Nation :
 Which to thy own Exchequer O ** translate,
 To remain there confess the chief Engine of State. 10
 To a Warriour of Fame my last Labours belong ;
 Who will ever refuse the great Warriour a Song ?

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Nummulus seu Argente-us,
Seu Versiculus Aure-us !

Craticula signifies a *Gridiron*, a very convenient Kitchen Utensil.

Parva tibi curva Craticula fudet ofella.
 Martial.

In the Reign of *Nero* the wealthy Courtiers and Men of Quality generally us'd Silver Gridirons, on which they broil'd Hog's Puddings. *Fuerunt & Tomacula super Craticulam Argenteam posita.* Petron. Arb. In the Reign of the late Queen *Anne* some Great Men and Ministers of State instituted the famous Beef-Steak Club. Their President, the factious *Dick Effcourt*, wore a Silver Gridiron hanging to one of the Buttons of his Coat, as the Badge of his Office. But at no time, whether by Cooks, Wits, or Ministers of State has the Gridiron been apply'd to so excellent an Use, as by one of Mr. Scheffer's Heroes. See the Note on Ver. 25. Jacci Philips. Mr. John Phillips wrote an excellent Burlesque Poem in Miltonick Verse call'd the *Splendid Skilling*.

Ver. 11. *To a Warrior, &c.*
 Nunc Extremum mi^l Laborem
 Q! concede. Bellatorem

Collanda meum. Dignè tex-e Carmen, quod vel legat Rex.
Et quis magno, si Rex leget,
Bellatori pauca neget ?
Pauca — sed nec meliora
Scribat Vates, nec majora
Quis Grubæus !

So it is in *Grierson's Edition*. But in the *Amsterdam Copy* we read *Quis Goticus. Tir-Oen*, as well as the *Dutch Commentator* is of opinion, that *Grubæus* is a Corruption of the Text. 'Tis absurd, says that great Critick, to imagine, that Mr. Scheffer should rank himself with the Authors of *Grubstreet*, a Place of which he had probably never heard, but 'twas natural for him to wish he might excel all other *Goticus* Poets. If the Reader pleases, it may be *Goth* instead of *Grub*.

This part of the Invocation is a plain Imitation of the beginning of *Virgil's last Eclogue*.

Extremum bunc, Aretusa, mibi concede
laborem.
Pauca mes Gallo, sed quæ legat ipsa
Lycoris,
Carmina sunt dicenda. Neget quis car-
mina Gallo ?

Be sonorous the Lay, that no *Grub* may exceed it ;

Nor a King may disdain at his Leisure to read it !

For a Combat I sing, by a Stratagem won, 15

And a PERUKE which conquer'd as sure as a Gun :

Wond'rous Peruke, which *Jove* in his Heav'n shou'd have

plac'd,

Nearest where *Berenice's* fair Tresses are grac'd ;

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 15. *For a Combat I sing,*
&c.

Dic Duellum, & quis sic Victor,
& quo Dolo, Musa, dic.
Dic Caliendrum, mirum opus,
Quo haud certius ferit Sclopus ;
Quod, si Jupiter ornaret
Caelos suos, collocaret,
Ubi candidæ, victrices
Fulgent comæ Berenices ;
Sic in Sidera mutandum,
Astrum Martis appellandum.

This Thought our Author seems to
have borrowed from *Museus*.

Τὸν ἄφελον αἰθίρον Ζεὺς
Ἐπίχνη μετ' εἴθος ἀλιν εἰ οὐράνῳ ἄστρον
Καὶ μιν ἐπικλῖσαι τυμφοσόλον ἄστρον Βερενίκην.

Caliendrum, by which Word our Author
means a Peruke, signifies any Ornament
for the Head made of counterfeit Hair.

But properly the false Hair or Towers which
the Roman Ladies commonly wore in the
Reign of *Augustus*, and which are us'd
by the old Women of our Days to hide
their Baldness.

Altum Saganæ Caliendrum. Hor.

In the fourth Book, where the Peruke
is thrown in *Myra's* Face, 'tis call'd *Capillamentum*. And this, I think, is the
more proper Word. Thus *Suetonius* speak-
ing of *Caligula's* Night Rambles, *Ganeas*
atque adulteria Capillamento celatus [disguis'd in a Peruke] & *veste longâ nocti-
bus obiret*.

Come Berenices. *Berenice* was a Queen
of *Egypt*, who made a Vow to cut off
her Hair, if her Husband *Ptolemy* return'd
victorious from the War. He defeated
his Enemy, and she perform'd her Vow,
consecrating her Tresses in the Temple
of *Venus*. The Gods or the Astronomers
of that Country immediately metamor-
phos'd 'em into a Constellation call'd
Berenice's Hair.

And

And have chang'd all the Curls into Ringlets of Stars,
 Then have call'd 'em, *The new Constellation of Mars.* 20
 While the Steeps of *Parnass* thus advent'rous I climb,
 Mighty things, tho' unskilful, attempting in Rhyme,
 On a *Pegasus* mount me — or aid me some God,
 That unstumbling I tread in a way that's untrod!

O! my Captain, Arch-Collier, or thee shall I call 25

Vitriarious *Volkan*, or only plain *Vol!*

Cease

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 21. *While the Steeps, &c.*
Sacrum Montem superare,
Grandia tenues cantare
Dum conamur, Rhythmi-
corum

Nos indociles modorum ;
Vel quis Pegasus fit meus ;
Vel quis, qui intersit, Deus
Faxit, ut in tuto siem ;
Perque ardua monstret viam :

Our Author insinuates, that he never compos'd any Verses in Rhyme before, and that he has attempted this kind of Metre, as thinking it most suitable to the Dignity of his Subjects. Here, and more particularly in the Lines which immediately follow, he makes a sort of Boast, that no Poet ever treated of such Arguments but himself.

Vestram, Vol, qui Craticulam
Primus cano.

Me, the first of all Mortals,
who has sung thy Gridiron.

In this he has imitated the Expressions and Allusions of other great Poets both ancient and modern.

Avia Pieredium peragro loca nullius ants
Trita Solo. Lucret.

And now inspir'd trace o'er the Muses
 Seat
 Untrodden yet. Creech.

Virgil, in the third *Georgic*, makes use of the same Allegory. Thus likewise Mr. Cowley,

Guide my bold Steps —
In these untrodden Paths to sacred Fame.

Ver. 25. *O my Captain, &c.*
O Dux, Archi-Carbonarie !
O Volcan Vitriarie !

Seu

Cease thy Breath from thy Bottles awhile to aspire on
 Me, the first of all Mortals, who has sung thy GRIDIRON:
 So may long last thy Pots! so may all thy new Glass,
 Running smooth, as my Lines, *Bristol* Bottles surpass! 30

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Seu, magna tu audire nol-
ens, ames dici Simplex Vol.

Volcan, or *Vulcan*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, was the God of Fire. He presided over Mines and Metals, and was the Patron of Smiths. He had his Forges in the Islands of *Lemnos*, *Lipare* and *Aetna*, where he made Thunderbolts for *Jupiter*, and Arms for the rest of the Gods; as well as all other Utensils which they required. By *Jupiter's* Order he was married to *Venus*. But he was so deform'd, and was always so black and dirty, that the Goddess was soon disgusted with her Spouse, and made no Scruple to chuse from among the other Gods or Men such Gallants, as she fancied. *Volcan*, while he was an Infant, had been kick'd out of Heaven by his Father *Jupiter*, and broke his Leg by the Fall, which was so ill set, that ever afterwards he went limping. His Office in Heaven was to serve in quality of Cup-bearer upon all great Festivals. And *Homer* tells us, that the Gods were much diverted by his Buffoonery. But having at length enter'd into a Conspiracy with his Brother *Mars* he was banish'd with him, *Anno Mundi* and had this Island assign'd him for the Place of his Exile. During the late Civil War he serv'd in the Army, where he was dignify'd with the Title of Captain. But War was a Service which did not in the least agree with his Constitution. The Sight of a Sword drawn in Anger would cause him to sweat much more than the Labour of making it. He therefore apply'd for an Employment, which might not subject him to the

Fatigues and Accidents of a Soldier's Life; and having found means to insinuate himself into the Favour of the D. of O. who was then Viceroy of Ireland, he was appointed Receiver General of the Kingdom, and Surintendant of the Royal Finances.

While he was in Possession of this lucrative Office he counted the Publick Money over a large *Gridiron*, and all the Pieces which fell thro' the Bars he lay'd apart for his own use. By this means he acquir'd immense Riches in a few Years. And when at last he became suspected by reason of the great Deficiencies in the Exchequer, he declar'd himself a Bankrupt, and pretending to give up all his Effects compounded his Peculation for Six-pence in the Pound. To conciliate the Affections of the Country, which he had so shamefully plunder'd, he undertook to enrich our People by introducing a new Manufacture, and teaching us the Art of making Glass Bottles. Hence he was call'd *Volcanus Vitriarius*. He had likewise the Surname or Title of *Archi-Carbonarius* bestowed on him, because he first discover'd Coal Mines in Ireland. But he was best known by the Name of *Vol*, a Diminutive from *Volcan*, as we say *Will*, *Tom*, *Kit*, &c. Tho' I must not here omit to take notice, that some learned Critics derive it from the French *Vol* or *Voleur*, a Thief or Robber, which is certainly no unnatural Etymology. The History of *Vol* and his *Gridiron* forms the Episode in the third Book.

Ver. 29. *So may long last thy Pots, &c.*

Ut

And O thou ! whether most thou delightest to hear
Colo-nel or chief Huntsman, or *Mars* Chevalier,

Leave

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*Ut hic Versus poliatur
Vitrum ! Olla nec frangatur !
Ampullæque Dublinenses
Superent Bristonienses !*

Tir-Oen, who had frequently surveyed Master *Nol's* Glas-House, affirms, that all the Iron Instruments us'd by his Workmen, as Bars, Paddles, Rakes, Procers, Ladies, small Ladies, Strocals, Forks, Sleepers, Ferrets, Fasets, Pipes, Pontee Stakes, Shears, Scissers, Crannies, Towers, &c. were excellently well made, having been forg'd by himself or under his Inspection. But that his Pots or Pans, in which the Metal was contain'd, were wrought with such bad Clay that they would not resist the Fire, and crack'd after the first or second Trial.

Bristol is a rich and populous City in the Isle of *Great Britain*. 'Tis a Place of great Trade, and is particularly famous for making Glas Bottles, of which very large Quantities were formerly imported into this Kingdom.

Ver. 31. *And O thou, &c.*
*Et tu Colonelle, sive
Mavis Eques, O Gradive,
Seu Venator jam vocari
Primarius —*

Mars, the God of War, the great Hero of this Poem. He was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, or, as others say, of *Juno* alone. He is describ'd by the ancient Poets on Horseback with a Whip and a Spear; but more generally riding on a high Chariot, *Discord* goes before him,

Clamour and *Anger* follow his Chariot, and the Goddess *Fame* with her Trumpet leads the Procession. According to *Homer's* Account of him, *Mars* was the most odious of all the Gods. He was not only perfidious, impious and unjust; but he was likewise an Assassin and a Murderer. He kill'd *Hallirothius* the Son of *Neptune*, for which Crime he was try'd before a Tribunal of twelve Gods. The Power and Interest of his Relations divided the Court, by which means he was acquitted. But having been long after this Escape try'd again for high Crimes and Misdemeanors before *Jove's* own Tribunal, he was convicted and banish'd to the Earth. As this Misfortune befel him at a time when all the Nations of *Europe* were engag'd in Wars, he acquir'd some sort of Reputation in his own Trade, and was advanc'd by the Favour of the D. of *O.* to a Post of Honour and Profit in the *English* Army. He likewise obtain'd the Title of a Knight, and is therefore frequently call'd *Mavors Eques*, Sir *Mars*, in our Author's Works. But notwithstanding the high Appellations he assum'd, either before or after his Fall, tho' he was acknowledged the God of War, and seem'd to delight in Arms and Blood, yet 'tis certain he had little military Skill and less Courage. *Homer* says, that *Pallas* held our Warrior in such Contempt, that at the Siege of *Troy* she oppos'd him with no other Weapon than a great Stone, with which she knock'd him down; and at another time he was wounded by *Diomed*, a meer Mortal; when unable to bear the Smart of his Wound, and frightened at the Sight of his Blood, he ran out of the Field roaring and bellowing so loud as to be remark'd by

Leave thy Doxies and Dogs, to attend to my Verse,
And protect me, while I thy own Battles rehearse.

So

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by both the Armies. Tis not a matter therefore which ought to cause any Surprise, if now being wholly stript of his Divinity, and subjected to human Infirmities, he shoud appear still more puflanious than he did in his primitive State. However he so well dissembled his Want of Courage, that he attain'd, as I said before, to an handsome Command, and for some time posse'sd a Character, which he did not in the least deserve. If his evil Genius had not brought him into this Country, he had certainly been promoted to the Degree of a General in the British Troops. But attending here the beginning of this Century on his Patron, who was then our Lord Lieutenant, he was upon some Occasion outrageously insulted, and afterwards Can'd or Cudgel'd by a young Gentleman of the Family of B——w. Not resenting this Affront as he ought to have done, agreeably to the Manners of the Age, and the Rules of Honour observ'd in the Army, he suddenly fell into the utmost Contempt, and thought it proper to quit his military Command. Indeed our Author, who has made choice of Sir Mars for his chief Hero, gives a very artful turn to this Action, and imputes his Disgrace to the Malice or Ignorance of his Operator Prometheus, who had form'd his Body of such course matter, and had so ill proportioned the several Members, that scarce one of them was serviceable to him, or could be us'd in a Gentleman-like manner, —

After this Misfortune, by the Advice of his Brother Vol, our Hero pretended to be an Adept in Cynogeticks, and propos'd to stock the Country with an excellent Breed of Hounds. Upon this or some other Account he was appointed Chief R——r or Huntsman General of Ireland, in

which Quality Mr. Scheffer found him when he first began to write this Poem. Mars was a Person of a very hot Constitution; and various are his Amours recorded by the ancient Poets. His Intrigue with Venus is a Story well known to every School Boy. Homer and Ovid both have inform'd us, how he was taken in the very Act, and expos'd to the Derision of all the Gods. Nor was he more successful after his Fall. His Affair with Mrs. D. is on Record in the British Courts of Law, where he was Judg'd and Mulcted in the Sum of Five thousand Pounds. There are indeed some very ugly Circumstances which blacken this Action, and justify the Punishment inflicted on our Hero, even in the Opinion of Men of the greatest Gallantry. For the Lady he debauch'd was the Wife of his best Friend, by whom he was at that Time maintain'd, and in whose House he liv'd. He persuad'd the unfortunate Woman to rob her Husband that he might afterwards plunder the Wife, which having done he turn'd her into the Streets, and suffer'd her to perish for want of common Necessaries. Tir-Oan, who has related the Particulars of this Affair, concludes his Story with the following Reflection, *Dubium est profecto mibi, an mulierem, an boſpitium violando plus voluptatis cepit Mavos.* *Dubium quoque an improbo minus doluit amicam, cuius amor est perspectus, confidere, an virum, cui maxima debet Beneficia, perdere.* Tir-Oani Commentar, p. 20.

" I am really in doubt, whether Mars took more Pleasure in debauching his Friend's Wife, or in violating the rights of Hospitality? Whether it concern'd him less to starve an unhappy Woman, who had given him the greatest Proofs of her Affection, or to destroy the Peace

" of

So to read thy Memorial may Viceroy incline, 35

And a Pension bestow — or invite thee to dine !

SOL

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" of a Man to whom he ow'd the greatest Obligations ?

Mr. *Weßlein*, in his *Critical Dissertation*, p. 23. has enumerated in a far-castical manner, the Exploits which our Hero perform'd in the *Low Countries*, I mean his Engagements with the Ladies. Madam *de N.* among others, became his Prey. She was the Wife of a Dutch General, the Count *de N.* a Man of great Honour, and highly esteem'd by all who knew him. This Lady receiv'd from *Mars* the same Marks of that singular Humanity, with which he had treated his *English* Mistres. The Intrigue was publickly known. Madam *de N.* was separated from the Count. Her Gallant was oblig'd to fly from the Continent : and in order to be far enough out of the Reach of an incens'd Husband, he retir'd into this Island. Here was the last Scene of his Action. Here he engag'd in that unfortunate Amour, which ended in his Marriage, a State that he had always abhor'd. In short, he was compel'd to make a Wife of an old Mistres, with whom he had cohabited for fourteen or fifteen Years before. This was that famous *Myra* so well known throughout all the *British* Islands. *Mars* was her third Husband. Even during their Concubinage she esteem'd him no otherwise than as one of her menial Servants. But after their Marriage she treated him with the greatest Insolence. She squander'd away his whole Fortune, and reduc'd him to the lowest Circumstances. By repeated Provocations our Hero was at length rous'd to Vengeance. He was seiz'd with that sort of Fury and Madness, which *Homer* ascribes to him, and which sometimes supplies the Want of true Courage. On the very day of *Myra's* Metamorphosis,

when by that means she was become much more formidable in her Person, he attack'd her in her own Castle. For some time the Battle was doubtful, and *Mars* was often in great Peril. But at last he obtain'd a compleat Victory, by darting suddenly in his Adversary's Face a full-bottom'd Peruke powder'd *a la moderne*, with which he had arm'd himself for this Purpose. A subtle Invention, says Monsieur *Cuper*, worthy the Genius of the God of War, and the Imitation of all modern Knights who may hereafter be engag'd and unfortunately over-match'd by a Bearded Virago. This famous Battle, which is the Argument of the fourth Book, was fought 5 *Iduum Martii*, the Year before Mr. *Scheffer* publish'd his Poem.

Ver. 33. *Leave thy Doxies
and Dogs, &c.*

*Minus placeant jam Catu-li!
Neque cura sit Peculi!*

Peculi, i. e. *Domesticarum Meretricium*. All the Commentators justify my Verison of this Word. *Domus Martis Canibus Venaticis Meretriculisque* (*in quas impetus continuo fiat*) *semper plena*, says *Tir-Oen*.

Ver. 35. *So to read thy Memorial, &c.*

Sic Libellus

*Supplex tuus perlegatur!
Rex Salarium largiatur,
Aut Coenam saltim! —*

Sir *Mars* presented a Memorial or Petition to every new Viceroy, setting forth the

SOL was now in the Ocean ; his Horses were drest ;
 And the Household of *Thetis* was order'd to rest.
 When his Godship, or curious to visit old Night
 To see how we supply the Defect of his Light ; 40
 Or perhaps to invent a new Subject for Mirth,
 Took a Fancy to strole for one Evening on Earth.
 But he doft all his Rays, and his Bow he laid down ;
 For a God by his Ensigns of Honour is known ;
 As an Idiot's distinguish'd by putting a Bib on, 45
 And a great Chevalier by a Crofs and a Ribbon.

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the great Service and Honour he had done
 the Government —— by his Buck-
 Hounds ; and praying an additional Pen-
 sion not exceeding the Sum of 500*l. per*
Annum to be seal'd on him for Life.
 His Memorial was seldom read —— and
 never answered. But he was sometimes
 invited to dine at the Castle, which gave
 him full Satisfaction, as it furnish'd the
 Occasion of that famous Saying, which
 he had constantly in his Mouth, *J'ay*
l'bonneur de vivre avec le grands.

Ver. 37. SOL was now in the
 Ocean, &c.

Cum jam pridem in Oceanum se condidisset Pocean :
 Curatis Equis —

Sol or *Pocean*, the *Sun*, who was also
 call'd *Apollo*, *Pbæbus*, *Cyntius*, *Delius*,
 &c. He is describ'd by the Poets and
 Mythologists as a beautiful Youth, his
 Hair long and flowing with the Wind ;
 his Head crown'd with Laurel, his Ha-
 bit rich and embroidered with Gold. In
 one Hand he holds a Bow, and in the
 other his Harp. When he appears as the
Sun, he rides in a magnificent Chariot
 drawn by four Horses, and ends his Stage
 in the Western Ocean. This God was
 the Patron and President of the Muses,
 and the Inventor of Music and Poetry.
 He was well skill'd in Phyick and Di-
 vision. For his peculiar Excellencies
 he was the most honoured of all the
 Gods, and had the richest Temples. The
 Persians (whose Priests were call'd *Magi*)
 worship'd the Sun by the Name of *Mi-*
tbra, and the *Ægyptians* by that of *Osyris*.
 Tho'

Tho' the *Magi* assure us the Sun is not proud,
 Yet his Habit was made of the brightest blue Cloud
 Well embroider'd and spangled. He seem'd a meer Beau;
 For he knew that fine Clothes are a Pasport below. 50
 Nor his Tresses neglected now flow with the Wind,
 But are furl'd, and with Art in a Silk Bag confin'd.
 Who of all the fair Toupees so graceful appears?
 Who can please the Nymphs more by producing his—Ears?
 From the Head of the *Xiphias* he cuts off a Sword, 55
 That wou'd grace a new Mayor, tho' he's titled My Lord;
 For the Handle was Pearl, and the Scabbard Shagreen;
 And his Sword-Knot unsullied had garter'd a Queen.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 55. *From the Head of the Xiphias.*

Occisoque Xiphi-â put-
-a præbere Ensem Caput;
Quo vel novus Prætor gaudeat,
Si Milordus idem audiat.

Xiphias, a Fish larger than a *Dolphin*,
 by the *Italians* call'd *Pesce Spada*, by the
French, *l'Empereur*; by the *Germans Schwert-Fisch*,
 and by us *Sword-Fish*. See a Description of this Fish in *Pliny*, *Oppian*,
 and in *The Natural History of Joban*, *John-*

Bon. In the last you have the Figure of the *Sword-Fish*, which is also to be found in the History of the *Hottentots* lately publish'd. — *Julius Cæsar Scaliger Poet. lib. cap. 18.* mentions the *Sword Dance*, from hence call'd *Ξιφορυξ*, of which there were two kinds, the *Duel-Sole-Dance*, and the *Running-Dance*. *Tiron* says, that Sir *Mars* was well practis'd in both. See the Note on Ver. 211. of the second Book.

Xiphia are likewise a Sort of Stars or Comets which appear in the Form of a Sword, in *Mucronem safigiatae*, *Plin. Nat. Hist.*

From

From a Tortoise-Shell Trident he shapes a neat Cane,
 With a Gold Head adorn'd, tho' the Work was but plain. 60
 Shine his Shoes with Gold Buckles : Well lin'd are his Fobs
 With a Watch Case of Gold, and an hundred gold Cobs.
 Nor pronounce the good Muse, who bedights him, too bold ;
 For 'tis known, when he pleases, the *Sun* can make Gold.
 But nor he needs to work, or the Muse want a Plea ; 65
 For who doubts there is Plenty of Gold in the Sea ?
 Thus his Godship equipt sallies out from his Port,
 And, as swift as a *Triton*, thro' *Nare del Nort*,
 To thy Channel, O *George* ! with a Spring-tide he flows ;
 And anon on *Ierne's* fair Island arose. 70
 Still the Stairs may be seen, in the Deep far extended,
 (Mighty Work of the Sea Gods !) by which he ascended,

Giants

N O T E S and O B S E R V A T I O N S.

Ver. 72. *Mighty Work of
the Sea Gods,
Giants Causay* —

Mirum opus Cœrule-i
Viam extruxere Dei,
Giganteam nuncupantes :
Quippe exprimunt Gigantes
2 Hiero-

Giants Causey — For *Sol*, in his travelling Dress,

Hieroglyphical Giants are us'd to express.

Over Mountains and Bogs speeding hence in a Line, 75

He arriv'd at Port *Eblane* exactly at nine.

Here he travers'd the Streets, every Bridge, and each Quay;

For the Turnings he often had noted by Day.

First the Lamps he examin'd; concave and convex;

How the same were supply'd, with their various Aspects: 80

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Hieroglyphici, Curforis Solis Robur & Labores:

I need not here give any Account of the *Giants Causey*, a Place so well known to the Inhabitants of this Country. Such however as are curious to see a particular Description of it may consult the *Philosophical Transactions*. But it will not be amiss to inform the unlearned Reader, that the old *Egyptians*, who express'd the Meaning of whatever was sacred among 'em by mystical Characters or the Pictures of various Creatures, us'd the Image and Figure of a Giant to signify the Sun. The *Grecs* and *Africans* (who derived their Learning and most of their Gods likewise from the *Egyptians*) wherever they built a Temple to the Sun, erected his Statue in the Form of a Giant: And the *Colossus* of the Sun at *Rades*, in which Island he was worshipped with the

greatest Veneration, was seventy Cubits high, and was reckon'd one of the Wonders of the World. The *Jews*, after their Retreat from *Egypt*, tho' they were forbid by their Law to make Hieroglyphicks, or the Likeness of any Creatures, to express their Meaning and Devotion, yet introduc'd the same into all their Writings by Way of Similitude and Comparisons. Thus, in the most excellent Poem, that is now extant in the Hebrew Tongue, the Sun is compar'd to a *Giant coming out of his Chamber and rejoicing to run his Course*.

Ver. 76. *He arriv'd at Port Eblane, &c.*

Eblanamque Portum.

Dublin.

But condemn'd the dull Glare, that wou'd scantily suffice
To direct a Night-walker, who wanted good Eyes.

He remark'd, that short Links serv'd to light home poor
Wits:

And how Lanthorns mov'd slowly before the rich Cts:
How that these still become, by their drinking more dull,

And the Bards debonnair, now their Bellies are full.
To the God were more grateful the well scented Flames,

And the Torch, which conducted the Chairs of high Dames.

How inviting the Belles! how diffusive the Blaze!
How their Eyes — and the Glasses reflected the Rays!

But astonish'd he look'd, where his Excellence shone
In a Berlin, whose Guard was a counterfeit Moon:

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 85. How that these, &c.
His Ingenium Afinimum;
Bacchus illis dat Divinum,
Rifus, Jecos.

When Mr. Scheffer's Poem was first
publifh'd, some Bon Companions immedi-
ately criticis'd this Passage, and call'd
our Author as a Man unacquainted with the

Sociable Disposition and Custom of my Coun-
trymen since he causes the Poets and good
Citizens of Dublin to leave their Bottle so
early as nine o'Clock. — But Tir-Oen,
apologizing for his Friend Scheffer, says,
it was the Evening of a Festival; that
they had all din'd at the Tavern, and
were them coming from Dinner, with
Design to return to the Tavern about ten
for their Evening's Compotation.

Such

Book I. *The T O A S T,*

3

Such an Orb, as a Deluge of Rain had endur'd,
Unextinguish'd by Winds, and by Clouds unobscur'd!
Pbæbe views with much Envy a Rival so bright, 95
Who assumes her own Form, and eclipses her Light!

How the Streets were adorn'd, thus his Godship has seen;
Now he'll know, how the Houses are lighted within.
So to Court he repairs to make Observation;
For at Court needs must be the grand Illumination. 100
Here the Bougies and Tapers soon drew his Attention:
Much their Form he admir'd, much he prais'd the Invention;
Such a Radiance can Matter, thus moulded, display!
And may Night-Beams be made to resemble the Day!
As if this was his Noon-tide, his Sight was as clear; 105
Nor himself might cause Objects more plainly appear.
He distinguish'd Lord *John* by his noble Greek Mien;
He observ'd all, who circled the graceful Vice Queen:

Haughty DAMES set with Di'monds, and stiffen'd with Gold;
Whom to dres for one Day half a County is sold : 110
Mitred LORDS, who besides a good Conscience and Wife,
Here enjoy all the other good things of this Life:
A polite Race of WARRIORS well skill'd in Intriguing;
And the noble PATRICIANS Brib'd, Bribing and Briguing:
Solemn SAGES deep read in the Magic of Cook, 115
Who confound ev'ry Sense by explaining his Book:
In the Grant made to *Adam* would find out a Flaw,
And amend the great *Fiat* — according to Law.
Ev'ry Belle he surveys gives the God new Delight,
And inclines him to stay in the Castle all Night.
When, to others unseen, roguish *Cupid* he spies, 120
Shooting Arrows at random from *Clara's* bright eyes:
Rigid Dame! whom his Youth, nor his Voice might persuade,
By her Conquests unmov'd, or the Wounds she had made.

Hard the Fate of a Lover ! Winds temper the Heat ; 125

And how soon is our Hunger appeas'd, if we eat !

Water quenches the Thirst : Wine our Cares will remove :

But, alas ! Love is only extinguish'd by Love.

Well experienc'd the God to secure his own Heart,

Lest again he be *Daphne'd*, resolves to depart : 130

And in Night-Scenes intent to acquire more knowledge,

He will see how these Hours are employ'd in the College.

He had heard of hard Students destroy'd by Night-

Damps ;

And some Authors had read, who smelt strong of the

Lamps.

But retiring in haste, when they open'd the Ball, 135

In the Guard Room he jostled Sir *Mars* and old *Vol.*

And by Contact one God can distinguish another ;

As a learned Free-Mason discovers a Brother.

Now Sir *Mars* and old *Vol* (who had oft been forgiven)

For repeated Offences were exil'd from Heaven. 140

On the Earth for some Ages condemn'd to abide,

And imbodyed as Mortals, in Flesh to be try'd.

Casuistical Sages have offer'd great Odds,

That they ne'er will return to th' Assembly of Gods.

But Inquiries sublime, so far out of thy reach, 145

O! my Muse leave to Clerks, who are skilful to preach:

And proceed now to say, How polite the *Sun's Greeting*!

How rejoic'd the *Vejovites* at such a Chance-Meeting!!

Mars

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 139. Now Sir *Mars*
and old *Vol*, &c.

Tandem, sacerdos cum peccassent,
Vol & *Mavors* exulassent,

Mr. Schaeffer does not any where mention the Crimes for which *Vol* and *Mars* were banish'd from Heaven. But in the following Lines he insinuates, tho' with great Modesty, that they have scarce any chance to return thither.

Ver. 147. — How polite the
Sun's Greeting! &c.

Salutat quam benignè Sol!

Exultat Vejovisque Proles.
Venator dixit Senex,
Brevem præbeat tibi Phoenix
Coenam, Phoebe.

Thus it is in Grierson's Edition. But in the Amsterdam Copy I find this Passage, as follows,

O quam cultum Xaps Solis!
Vejovis dum gaudet Proles.
Incipit Venator Senex,
Præbeat Coenam tibi Phoenix,
Phoebe, brevem!

Here

Mars invited the Stranger to sup in the Park,
 'Tis too far (quoth the *Collier*) too late and too dark.
 For the Purpose what Place is so fit as a Tavern?
 And without more ado he led on to the Cavern,
 Where he often vouchsafes with his *Trulla* to dine;
 And where Nectar surpassing, he promis'd old Wine.

Now the Supper bespoke, the *Trium-dei* fate; 155
Mars began to ask Questions concerning the State.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Here Mr. Scheffer calls his two Heroes, *Mars* and *Vol*, *Vejouis Proles*, the Offspring of *Vejupiter* or *Bad Jupiter*, a God whom the ancient Romans worshipped, not out of Hopes of any favour, but as the *American Indians* are said to worship the Devil, that he might do 'em no Mischief. Mr. Wetstein is of opinion, that our Author, by this Appellation wou'd insinuate the ill Qualities of his Heroes, and that they delighted in doing Mischief to all Persons, who had the Misfortune to be within their reach. *Phœnix* is the Name of the King's Park near Dublin.

Ver. 151. — *What Place
is so fit as a Tavern, &c.*

*Jam migremus in Tabernam,
Dixit. Duxit ad Cavernam;
Sæpius ubi assumfitque*

*Vol Convivam, iniitque
Trullam suam —*

There is a little obscure Tavern in *Dublin*, call'd *Vol's Hole*. To this Place, while he was Surintendant of the *Irish Finances*, he was frequently wont to retire, in order to relax his Mind, and to solace with the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*. *Trulla*, a famous Mud - Nymph, *Vol's* favourite Mistress.

Ver. 156. *Mars began to ask
Questions, &c.*

*Multa super Jove Mavors
Rogitabat.*

Mars, after his Fall, set up for a Politician, and pretended to understand the Constitution and true Interest of all Nations better than any Man living.

" Who has now the Ascendant in *Jupiter's House* ?

Does the Monarch grow old, and submit to his Spouse ?

Who is most in his Favour, young *Ganny* or *Hebe* ?

Has he found a fit Match for his Daughter Miss *Pbæbe*? 160

Are your Triple Alliances like to stand good ?

Are the *Titan* Pretenders yet wholly subdu'd ?

Arc

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 159. Who is most in his
Favour, &c.

Ardet Pater
Trois Filium, sive Heben?
Stabili conjugio Phoeben
Adhuc junxit?

Young Ganny.] *Ganimedes* the Son of *Tros*, King of *Troy*. *Jupiter* having transform'd himself into an Eagle, seiz'd little *Ganimede* and carried him into Heaven, where he promoted him to be his Cupbearer. *Hebe* likewis serv'd him in the same Quality. She was his Daughter, and a Girl of an extraordinary Beauty. The Ancients worship'd *Hebe* as the Goddess of Youth. *Vol* had formerly been Cupbearer to *Jupiter*, but was disgrac'd to make room for *Ganimede*. The *Irish Chronologists* may from hence be able to fix the time, when our black Hero first began to play his Trick, and lose the Favour of the Gods; for'tis now more than 2500 Years since the Rape of *Ganimede*.

Pbæbe, called also *Diana*, *Luna*, *Cynthia*, &c. the Daughter of *Jupiter*, and

the Sister of the *Sun*. Tho' she was demanded in Marriage by many of the greater Gods, yet she refus'd to change her Condition, and chose to live for ever in a State of Virginity. But see what is said of her by *Mars*. Book II. Ver. 25.

Ver. 161. Are your triple Al-
liances, &c.

An firmatum Triplex Fœdus?

Our Author here means the Original League and Compact between *Jupiter*, *Neptune* and *Pluto*, which they enter'd into for the better ordering and directing the Affairs of this nether World.

Ver. 162. Are the Titan Pre-
tenders, &c.

Titania pubes —
Vieta cessit ?

Titian was the Son of *Caelus* and *Terra*. He was excluded from his Birthright by his younger Brother *Saturn*, and when afterwards

Was there not a new Star very lately call'd forth?

For methinks I espy a young Bear in the North.

Can you tell a new Tale of a *Jove*-Transformation? 165

Or Intriguing that way, is it grown out of Fashion?

Modern Spinsters experienc'd in all Masquerade,

Will no more by a Bull or a Swan be betray'd.

But resistless the Power, tho' the Figure be old,

Which addresses the Dame in a Shower of Gold." 170

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

afterwards he made an Attempt to recover his Kingdom, he was defeated by *Jupiter*, who immediately after his Victory, made all the Gods swear Fidelity to him to confirm his Usurpation, and prevent any Danger from the Race of the *Titans*.

Ver. 164. For methinks I espy
a young Bear, &c.

Nam Arctoi Poli Ursam
Tertiam vidi.

There are two Constellations of Stars call'd the Greater and the Lesser Bear. *Mars* pretended to have discovered a new Star, which he call'd the *Young Bear*. But I am inclin'd to think this Expression is to be understood literally, and that *Mars* intends it as a Compliment to some great Prince or Princess of the North.

Ver. 165. Can you tell a new
Tale of a *Jove*, &c.

Quid de Jove fecit amor, &c.

Jupiter deceiv'd *Europa* in the Shape of a Bull, *Leda* in the Shape of a Swan, and fell into *Danae's* Bosom in a Shower of Gold. But I am not of opinion with Sir *Mars*, says my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, that this last Stratagem will always succeed. Tho' I must allow, that his Godship forms his Judgment by his own Experience, since he always practised the Method, which he recommends, with so much Success, that at length he had not Gold enough left to purchase a little *Irish* Harlot — His Words are, *Nec babet quod det Meretricula Hibernica auro mercabili.*

He proceeds next enquiring, " What Gods are assign'd
 To be Tutelars here, and to govern Mankind ?
 Are our Kindred intent to preserve, and destroy
 Mighty Kings, and their Kingdoms, as whilom at *Troy*?
 Who has ta'en from the *Persian* Usurper his Trophies? 175
 Who so kind to restore the old Race of the *Sopibes*?
 Who so wide has extended the *Austr'an* Domain?
 Who instructed in King-craft the *Donna of Spain*?
 Who permitted the *Romans* to Fawn and Deceive?
 Who has fix'd the light *Gaul*, and has taught him to
 weave? 180
 Who bestow'd on *Britannia* so potent a Fleet?
 Why so fearless her Sons — but unskilful to Treat?
 Have the *Dutch* any Gods? or — perhaps they don't want 'em,
 Since so faithful are found the good Pagods of *Bantam*?
 Why are Men of *Ierne* depriv'd of all Trade; 185
 Nor a Patron allow'd, but the Saint they have made;
 Who

Who is ever controul'd by the Speech of Vice-King;

Nor has yet obtain'd leave to restore his own Spring?

Ah! if thus ye reject your own Peoples Complaints,

And to Mortals subject the good *Lares* and Saints: 190

Even Pro-Excellencies will rule us with Rods,

And your Viceroy's will fancy, that they are Vice-Gods."

Unconcern'd, as unactive in War, or in Peace,

(So the Danger's remote, and himself is at Ease,)

Heavy *Vol*, looking wisely, then casting side-leer, 195

Only ask'd a few Questions, but all with a Sneer.

Who

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 187. Who is ever controul'd, &c.

In Magistri verba Jussus

Divus pauper heu! jurare,
Nescit Fontem restaurare.

In the Dutch Edition you read *Fontem recreare*, to recall his Spring. St. Patrick's Well in Dublin was famous for its excellent Water. And great Numbers of Pilgrims resorted thither every Year. But some little time before Mr. Scheffer wrote his Poem, this Spring of a sudden became

dry, and has not since been recovered. It cannot however, with any Colour of Reason, be pretended, that this Misfortune was owing to the Tyranny and Oppression of the Government, as Sir *Mars* here insinuates.

Ver. 195. Heavy Vol looking wisely, &c.

Ore, Vultu Philosophum
Vol mentitur, &c.

Vol had an absolute Command of the Muscles of his Face, and cou'd form his Countenance to express any Passion or Character he thought fit to assume. He cou'd

" Who above are your Smiths? Are they Drunkards or
Fools,

Who usurping my Forges, have spoil'd all my Tools?
How dishonour'd is *Jove* by their Bungling and Blunders?
For the Darts, that fall here, are but second-rate Thunders.

200

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

cou'd put on the Face of Busines and Authority, of Indolence and Pleasure, as it suited his Design or Inclination. To the Companions of his idle Hours he appear'd a Buffoon. Among the Mud-Nymphs of *Liffy*, or the Mountain-Nymphs of *Wicklow* he wore the Aspect of a Satyr. In his Glass-House or Colliery he always look'd like a busy Philosopher. In the Presence of the Lord Lieutenant or Lords Justices he always look'd like a Fool. And I remember to have heard the following Epigram on occasion of his being first introduced to the D. of *O.* by Sir *Mars*, who was at that time a great Favourite at Court.

If your Grace it may please!
I present you a Smith, who was ten years
at School:
He's a very wise Man, tho' he looks like
a Fool.
And (rejoin'd the rough Kern) all allow,
who have seen us,
It is this, my good Lord, makes the Dif-
f'rence between us.

Tir-Oen says, that *Vol* had naturally a grave, philosophical, unmeaning Countenance. Mr. *Cuper*, in his Dissertation de *Imagine Volcani Hibernici*, affests, that *Vol*'s natural Face or Look was unmeaning; but infests that his Gravity was affected.

Vif et vult videri Gravis, et est Gravis.
Cup. Differ. Crit.

But, however he look'd, it is most certain, that *Vol* was a very shrewd, cunning Fellow. The Repartee above mention'd, upon his being presented to the D. of *O.* is a sufficient Proof of his Wit — and how cou'd he want Understanding, who was able to cheat a whole Nation?

Ver. 197. *Who above are your Smiths, &c.*

Quinam Fabri! &c.

It must be allow'd, that *Vol* was a most excellent Mechanick, and finish'd his Work with so much Art and Dexterity, as never to be equal'd by any of his Successors. It wou'd not be possible to recount the various Instruments, Implements, Utensils, Tools, Arms, Tcys, as Swords, Bucklers, Thunderbolts, Thimbles, Bracelets, Crooks, Hooks, Houses, Helmets, Spears, Kettles, Pots, Cups, Tripods, Chains, Chariots, Crowns, Rattles, Scepters, Dogs, Men, Women, &c. which *Vol* had made for the use of the other Gods, or for Presents to such Heroes as he favour'd. But if the Reader is curious to be more particularly inform'd, let him consult *Franciscus Junius de Picturâ Veterum*, and his Catalogue of Mechanics, among whom he will find Master *Vol* making a very considerable Figure.

When

When our Brother *Mars* bellows, more dreadful the Voice!

And when *Elrington* thunders, he makes as much Noise!

Proper Weapons can such Operators devise

For the Blue-ey'd *Virago*, so curious and nice?

I'm assur'd, that the *Aegis* is cover'd with Rust,

That the *Gorgon's* Head now only serves for a Bust.

Vol is gone, and there is not another has Skill

To restore the dire Look, and a Power to kill!

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 201. *When our Brother Mars bellows, &c.*

Tua,

O zīvē, cedunt Tonitrua
Marti nostro reboanti;
Elringtono intonanti.

'Tis no wonder, that the Voice of Sir *Mars* should be more terrible than Thunder, since we are assured by *Homer*, that when our Hero was wounded by *Diomed*, he roar'd so loud, that the Sound of his Voice reach'd to the Heavens, and made the stoutest Warriors tremble.

ο δ' ἵβεται χάλκιος Ἀρης
Όσσα τ' ἴμαχοις οἰλαχοῖς ή συκάχοις, &c.

*Mars bellows with the Pain,
Loud as the Roar encountering Armies yield,
When shooting Millions shake the thun-
d'reing Field.*

*Both Armies start, and trembling gams
around,
And Earth and Heaven rebellow to the
Sound.*

Pope.

Elringtono Intonanti. Mr. *Thomas Elrington* was a famous Actor, and had the Direction of the *Dublin Theatre*. 'Tis said, that *Vol* was his Thunder-maker.

Ver. 203. *Proper Weapons, &c.*

*Frustra jam Γλαυκῶπις petit
Arma Virgo.*

Glaukopis is a Name given to *Pallas* or *Minerva*. See the Note on Ver. 73 B. II.

Ver. 205. — *the Aegis, &c.*
Aegidaque, &c.

The *Aegid* was the Shield of *Pallas*, on which she carried the Head of *Medusa*, one of the *Gorgons*.

*Aegidaque boriferum turbatæ Palladis
arma.* Virg.

The *Gorgon's* Head turn'd all Persons who look'd on it into Stone.

Who

But for thee, my good *Phebus*, is chiefly my Care,

Who thy Axle can mend when 'tis out of Repair ? 210

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 210. Who thy Axle can
mend, &c.

*From place to place, around the bleft abodes,
Self-mow'd, obedient to the Beck of Gods.*
Pope.

Vestrum, Vitium cum fe-
ce-rit,
Axem quis restitu-erit ?

Father *Vol* made the Golden Chariot of the Sun, and always kept it in good Repair to the Day of his Exile. The Axle and Wheels of this Glorious Vehicle are recorded his Master-piece by all the old Poets and Mythologists. But I have been well inform'd by some intelligent Mechanics, that he hath lately out-done himself, having made an Axle and Pair of Wheels for the Lord Viscount *A.* which will draw the greatest Weight without the Assistance of Men, Horses, Oxen, Asses, &c. and in every other respect exceed the former.

This excellent Machine may not improperly be here produc'd to vindicate that famous Passage in the eighteenth Book of the *Iliad* (for which the old Bard has been so severely rallied by the Criticks) where our *Vol* is said to have made for the use of his own House twenty Tripods that wou'd move of themselves from place to place, and go and come as they were ordered.

Tεμόδας γαρ οὐκος παντας ἔτεχε
Ἐστιν εἰπεν τοῖς τοῖς τοῖς αἵδη μεγάλοις.
Χειροί δὲ τοφές οὐδὲ παντας οὐδὲ παντας,
Ωντες.

"Οὐδὲ διατριπάτος Δίος δυτικαὶς" δύοντα
Ηδονής πρὸς διαμαντούς. Γαίας οὐδὲ παντας,

Full twenty Tripods for his Hall he fram'd,
That plac'd on living Wheels of massy Gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) infinckt with Spirit
roll'd

Aristotle makes mention of these Tripods in his *Politicks*, Lib. 1. Cap. 4. and seems to give Credit to the Poet's Relation. And I am confident no body will doubt the Truth of it, who has had the Curiosity to survey Lord *A.*'s Carriage. For if *Vol* in his State of Humanity, while he is accounted nothing more than a simple Projector, can invent such a useful Machine, which has not only the Power of Self-moving, but which will likewise carry or draw twenty or thirty Tun weight from one Town to another, shall we doubt, when he was of the Number of the Gods, whether he could make a few Joint-stools run upon Wheels about his Hall? Which indeed is no more than say *English Jugler* wou'd undertake to do; and much less than *Harlequin Faustus* has frequently perform'd without any Toil or Labour to the great Satisfaction of the Spectators. — A little after this Account of the Tripods, Homer relates (and by the way 'tis a much more incredible Story, however it has escap'd the Censure of the Criticks) how *Vol*, as he walked in to pay his Respects to *Thetis*, was supported by two Female Statues of Gold, which were likewise automata, and moreover were endu'd with Speech and Understanding. As he has constantly affected since his Fall to approve himself as great an Artist as he appear'd above; so, to resemble his Homeric Supporters, he made half a dozen Statues of the same Metal, while he was Treasurer of *Ireland*, which, to his great Comfort, are still in his Custody. He prudently forbore to give 'em Speech and Motion, lest they should tell Tales, or run away.

Much

Much I fear, that the Work is but wretchedly done.
 For I've lately remark'd many Spots in the Sun.
 For the rest — If you mind our Affairs here below,
 Or to Chance leave the World, I'm not curious to know.
 This I know, as *Mars* hinted, all Nations complain, 215
 That ye seldom are present, where Lieutenants reign.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 212. For I've lately re-
mark'd, &c.

Corpus tuum Gloriosum
 Modo Vidi Maculosum
 Opacumque.

Modern Astronomers have observ'd cer-
tain opacious and shady Masses, which
sometimes appear sticking to the Sun's
Body. Their various Figures and Motions
may likewise be discern'd by a Telescope.
Vol's Remark therefore is certainly just.
 But whether this Defect in the Sun is to
be imputed to the Unskillfulness of *Vol's*
Successors, I will not undertake upon me
to determine.

Ver. 213. — If you mind
our Affairs, &c.

Terras, Superi, curatis
 An Mortalia cuncta Fatis
 Jam permisisti; ædepol
 Inter-est parum Scire Vol.

Scio tamen, sit Britannus,
 Turcicusve, est Tyrannus
 Quisque Prorex.
 Minor similis Majori,
 Veniens similis Priori:
 Regnet Alter — ac per Fidem
 Alter erit semper Idem.

It cannot pass unobserv'd with what
 Disrespect both Sir *Mars* and *Vol* speak of
 the Irish Government and the Admini-
 stration of Viceroy. But their Invec-
 tives must be ascrib'd to their Want of
 Power, and the several Repulses which
 they receiv'd in the Reign of Lord C ***
 who overlook'd the R——ger's Preten-
 sions, and detected *Vol's* Peculation. Mr.
Scheffer always makes honourable mention
 of this Viceroy, as may be remark'd Ver.
 207 of this Book, but more particularly
 hereafter in the Episode of the Gridiron.
 Lord C *** was a Person of great Sage-
 city and Application. He had a perfect
 Knowledge of the World, and was an ex-
 cellent Judge of Men, and of all Beings
 who appear'd in the Form of Men.

Little differs their Rule in the East or the West:
 Whether Bashaw or Viceroy — the Subject's opprest:
 And the Gods in their Wrath never yet made two Things,
 That are so much alike as two Deputy —” 220

Thus the *Collier*. But *Pbæbus*, unapt to disclose
 The *Arcana* of Heaven, or enlighten Jove's Foes,
 Here observ'd the wise Rule of Political Men,
 And reply'd to their Questions, by Asking a few;
 “ How they far'd in flesh-clothing, and how at such di-
 stance, 225
 By the Gods unassisted, they got a Subsistence?
 Are the Dons of *Ierne* averse to a Stranger?
 Is the Warrior disarm'd, and but only a R—ger?
 Still Unpension'd art thou forc'd to drudge in a Hole,
 Or to melt down old Bottles, or mete out bad Coal? 230
 I surmise things go ill, if 'tis lawful to guess,
 By the Plight of your Bodies, Attendants, and Dress.

And a dear-bought Experience has taught me to know,
 Tho' Divine are our Talents, they're useless below.
 We are only rais'd high, that our Fall may be greater: 235
 And a God in Disgrace is a very poor Creature.
 For my Wisdom so fam'd, and so tuneful a Bard,
 Was not I once reduc'd to a simple Cow-herd?
 Nor my Temples or Priests might a Refuge afford:
 For my Living I work'd, where I then was ador'd." 240

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 235 — that our Fall may
 be greater,

Carter. "That Plunderer (meaning Vol)
 "contains his Infamy, keeps his Money
 "and enjoys his Prison. *Tir-Oen, Com.*

And a God in Disgrace, &c.

Lapsu graviore ruit
 Hic, qui modo Deus fuit.

Tolluntur in altum

Ut lapsu gravioris ruant. Claudio.

Such is frequently the Fate of Tyrants and Great Ministers, who aspire to Sovereign Power. The Loss of their Authority, their Wealth and Honours is a sufficient Punishment, tho' their Fall be attended with no worse Circumstances. Devils need no other Torment than their own Reflections. *Vol* was a fallen Spirit, and a disgrac'd Minister. Thus Mr. *Wetstein*. But my Countryman *Tir-Oen*, who was better acquainted with *Vol's* Circumstances and the Frame of his Mind, makes a different Remark, *Spatiatorem ipsum nibil* *Infamia terret, Salvis nummis frugitur*

Ver. 238. Was not I, &c.

Ille Ego, &c.

Apollo destroy'd all the *Cyclopes* to revenge the Death of his Son *Hercules*: for which Fact he was banished from Heaven, depriv'd of his Divinity, and expos'd to the Calamities of the World. In this Distress he put himself into the Service of *Admetus*, King of *Bœotia*, and look'd after his Cattle for a Livelihood. But his Conduct and Behaviour on Earth was so pleasing to all the Gods, that in the ninth Year of his Exile *Jupiter* recall'd him to Heaven, and restor'd him to all his former Offices and Honours. Happy had it been for *Vol* and Sir *Mars*, says Mr. *Wetstein*, if they had follow'd this great Example.

Vol observing the Knight eat his Nails, and grow pale,
 (Ugly Omen! Presage of a long winded Tale!)
 Sudden answer'd: "Tho now my good Brother looks mean,
 Pray review him to-morrow array'd in his Green;
 When he mounts the Pad-Nag, and assumes a new Grace;
245
 When he rides (how undaunted!) directing the Chase:
 Thus acquiring at Seventy more Honour unsought,
 Than he got by his Battles,—tho' furious he fought.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 241. *Vol observing the Knight eat, &c.*

Pallidus, nec huic applodens,
 (Dirum Omen!) Ungues rodens
 Dum Sermonem meditatur
 Longum Mavors, raptim satur
 Senex Vol.

Mars, as Mr. *Weftfeis* observes on this Place, was the most noisy and most ignorant of all the Gods. When *Pallas* speaks to him in *Homer*, she calls him *Marsupis*, *spinas in*, Fool and Madman. And thro' the whole *Iliad* the Poet is careful never to mention his Name without an Epithet denoting his Impetuosity and Want of common Sense. Before his Fall, tho' he spoke very loud, he spoke but little. But after he became insufferably talkative. If he was ask'd a common Question he always prefac'd his Answer with a long Story full

of Invectives, Egotisms, unmeaning Parentheses and French Proverbs. *Vol*, who was sensible of his Brother's Infirmitie, kindly endeavours to conceal 'em by replying for him, just as he saw him ready to break out. However we shall find, that the Warrior had his Share in the Conversation, before they parted.

Ver. 245. *When he mounts the Pad-Nag, &c.*

Cum ascendat mox Equulum.

Equulus is what the Spaniards call *Pequeno Cavallo*, and the Italians, *Cavalino*. *Tir-Oen* says, that he had frequently hunted with Sir *Mars*, who for his own Security was always mounted on a little Pad. I don't see how this is to be reconcil'd with the following Verse, where he is commended for riding boldly.

He has now flung his Arms — and his Pension is scant:

Yet so wide his Domain, that he never can want. 250

To his Office appendant are delicate Fees;

And he sits, the Chief *Umbra*, at Feasts of Grandees.

As for me — Had *Apollo* consulted his Books;

Wou'd he judge an old Smith by his Habit and Looks?

Ought a Wight, who is Banish'd, to make a fine Shew? 255

Who above wou'd contain to see *Volcan* a Beau?

Yet

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 249. *He has now flung his Arms, &c.*

Suspendisse Arma gaudet.

He rejoices that he has hung up his Arms. When the *Romans* were past their Labour, and had left the military Service, they hung up their Arms in the Temples.

*Vejanii Armis
Herculis ad possem fixis.*
Hor. Ep. I. L. I.

So likewise, when they left off any other Trade or Art which they had profess'd, they consecrated the Instruments of the same to some God.

Ver. 252. *And he sits the Chief Umbra, &c.*

Semper Mars Umbrarum unus, &c.

It was customary for the *Roman* Gentlemen, when they were invited to a Dinner or Supper to carry with them one or two Persons, who were call'd their *Umbras* or Shadows. And there was always room allow'd at every great Table for such uninvited Guests. Thus *Horace*, when he invites *Torquatus* to sup with him, having named the rest of the Company, adds,

Locus est & pluribus Umbris.

The Followers of great Families in *Ireland* are a Species of Men not unlike the *Roman Umbras*.

Ver. 256. *Who above wou'd contain, &c.*

Yet allow to my Labours the Honour, that's due:
 If I melt down old Bottles, I likewise make new.
 Be the Metal despis'd, yet I cause it to pass;
 And for Silver and Gold I can barter my Glafs. 260
 If the Fuel is bad, which my Coal-Mine produces,
 It is sold at low rates, and it serves for all Uses.
 Lo! the great Legislators encourage my Trade;
 And remember no more the Misreck'nings I made.
 While the Holyday Youths my Volcanos admire, 265
 And unknowing confess me the Father of Fire.

Thus

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Vol si comptum Videatis,
 Risum, Dei, teneatis?

Oblitusque nunc Senatus
 Bonus nostri Peculatus.

Vol was always dirty and very negligent in his Dress, and even at Court he appear'd like Himself. So that you wou'd at first Sight conclude, He work'd at the Anvil, or liv'd in a Glafs-House.

Ver. 263. *Lo! the great Legislators, &c.*

Legum Incliti Latores
 Nostros adjuvant Labores.

The House of Commons have frequently given large Sums of Money for the Encouragement of the Irish Colliery, of which Father *Vol* had the chief Direction. And tho' some Members have now and then threaten'd to call him to Account for his Embezzlement of the Publick Treasure, yet he has always had the Cunning and Address to divert a Parliamentary Enquiry.

Ver. 265. — *my Volcanos
 admire, &c.*

Ignis

Thus among the *Sicilians*, when first I appear'd ;
 Ere the Mountain had claim'd, or my Thunder was
 heard ;
 'Twas in vain to insist, that in Heav'n I was born ;
 For they call'd me lame Tinker, and laugh'd me to
 Scorn :

270

When I open'd my Shop, tho' my Figure is odd,
 And my Voice so uncouth, they believ'd me a God.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ignis Emirantur Domum ;
Me agnoscunt Ignivomum
Patrem omnes.

Mr. Wetstein will have *Ignivomum* to signify a Fire-eater. *Qui candentes carbones comedit, et Ignes evomit Praefigioris subdoli more.* Wetstein. Dissertat.

But with Submission to this learned Critic, I cannot comprehend how the Character of a Fire-eater wou'd heighten *Vol's* Reputation, as seems to be the Intention of the Poet. I make no Question, but that *Vol*, who had liv'd in Fire and smoke all his Life, cou'd eat and digest it too much better than any of his Co-temporaries. But I am well assured, he thought this a Bufine's much beneath the Dignity of his Profession, and not to be practis'd but on extraordinary Occasions ;

as when at some great Entertainment he acted the part of a Buffoon, &c. I therefore retain my own Version, *The Father of Fire*, which I think is evidently Mr. Scheffer's Meaning. - Mr. Cuper, in his Epistle de *Ædibus Volcani juxta portum Eblanae conditis*, makes use of this Epithet to commend *Vol's* Glass-House.

Sunt, Turba audax, populis infensa
 * *Cavanni*
Mirati Artifices, Ignivomamque Domum.
Jupiter ipse novas nescit compellere Nubes ;
Nec Sol Volcani clarior igne micat.

Here stop the saucy *Cavan* Crowds ;
Vol and his Burning-House admire.
Yove knows not to compel such Clouds,
 Nor can the Sun surpass this Fire.

* *Cavanni* were a Mob, who call'd themselves the *Cavan* Boys, and committed daily Villanies in the Streets of Dublin.

But a serious Discourse, since we meet to carouse,
Will defeat our Design, and disparage the House :
Nor ought I, in the Presence of *Phebus*, to boast." 275
So he fill'd up his Glass, and demanded a *Toast*.

THE

THE
T O A S T.
 BOOK THE SECOND.

HAD I Mouths a whole Hundred, an Hundred
 loud Tongues,
 Or the Voice of the *Warrior*, or *Vol's Iron Lungs* ;
 Yet I could not unerring the Beauties recite,
 Who in Bumpers were crown'd — happy Toasts of this
 Night.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Had I Mouths, &c.*

Non si mihi centum ora,
Lingue centum, vox Sonora
Martis, Volcanique Ferrea, &c.

Non mibi si linguae centum sint, etaque
centum
Ferrea Vox. Virg.

Ferrea is an Epithet very properly applied in this place. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that *Vol* had excellent good Lungs, since they had endur'd the Smoak of Sea-coal Fires for so many Ages. The Sonorous Voice of the Warrior (*Sir Mars*), is describ'd before, Ver. 201. of the First Book.

They began (as 'twas meet) with the Household of Jove; 5
 With the Goddesses all, and Court Ladies above.

But they Hail'd the great Queen, who gives Charms to
 the rest,

Of all Beings Herself still the Fairest confess.

Then to *Tethis* they fill'd, and the Nymphs of her Train,

Who enchant with their Voices, and smooth the rough
 Main;

Merry Nereids, by *Venus* well fashion'd to please:

For the Goddess remembers, she sprung from the Seas.

Next are Toasted the *Naiads*, who murmuring glide,

Or the Rivers roll rapid, where Urn Gods reside.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 5. *They began (as 'twas meet) with the Household, &c.*

*Principium Di a Jovis Domo,
 Ut fas erat, &c.*

The Poet opens this Book by enumerating the various Orders of the Toasts. The greater Goddesses are nam'd first, among

whom *Venus* is particularly distinguished. *Tethis* and her *Nereids* or Sea-nymphs form the second Class. To these succeed the *Naiads* or River-Nymphs. Then the *Hemadyads* or Wood-Nymphs. Next the *Silvans*, or the little Spirits of the Air. Then the nine Muses, and the three Graces, and all their Maids of Honour, who were young and handsome, and well-shap'd.

Then the tall *Hamadryads*, who sport in the Groves: 15

Nor the Eyes of the Sun may discover their Loves.

Then the little bright *Donnas*, who fit thro' the Air:

Not a *Silph* was forgot, who was deem'd to be fair.

Then in order they drink all the Muses and Graces,

And the Dames of their Court, who had Shapes and young

Faces.

20

A Dispute here arose, if they shou'd not pass by

All the Virgins of *Vesta*, and Damsels of *Dy*;

Of a Converse too chaste to allow a small Hint;

Who wou'd kill a poor Man but for looking asquint.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 22. All the Virgins of Vesta and, &c.

*Vestam, Virginesque Vestae,
Dianæque Nymphas, &c.*

Vesta was the Daughter of *Saturn* by his Wife *Rhea*. This Goddess was a Virgin, and so great an Admirer of that Title, that when her Brother *Jupiter* gave her the Liberty of asking Whatever she pleas'd, she made it her Request, that she might ever preserve her Virginity.

Diana, the Sister of *Pœbus*. She was also call'd *Luna* and *Hecate*. She was re-

puted the Goddess of Chastity, and abhor'd the Conversation and Sight of Men. *Aeneas*, the Son of *Aeneas*, for imprudently looking on her, while she was bathing in a Fountain, was chang'd into a Stag, and torn in pieces by his own Dogs. And 'tis this Fable, which the Poet alludes to in the next Lines.

—————Occidetur
Si transversa quis tuetur.

*Who wou'd kill a poor Man,
but for looking asquint.*

But

But the Doubt was soon clear'd. *Mars* swore they were
Prudes;

25

Nor so squeamish were found, when alone in the Woods:
That he knew, the pale Goddess, so modest, and nice,
Ev'ry Night to *Endymion* stole down in Disguise.

Thus the merry Gods quaff'd, much commanding the
Wine;

And debating with Freedom of Females divine. 30
Till at length having number'd high Dames of this sort all,
They vouchsafe to descend unto Toasts, who are Mortal.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 25.—*Mars* swore they
were Prudes, &c.

Per Deos omnes, ait Mars,
Foeminea semper hæc est ars
Pudicitiam simulare.

An erubuit amare,
Quæ Sylvarum est Incola,
Nympha, Si cum Solo Sola?
Phœbi Pallidæ Sororis
Caſtæ licet, quis Amores
Nocturnos nescit?
Quoties rejicit furtiva
Se in gremium tuum Diya,
O Endymion?

The Sister of *Phœbus*, notwithstanding
her pretended Aversion to the Gods and
Men had a Gallant, whose Name was
Endymion, of whom she was so passionately
fond, that she descended every Night out of
Heaven, and met him on *Latmus* a
Mountain in *Caria*.

Nudus & Endymion Phœbi cepisse Sororum
Dicitur, & nude concubuisse Deæ.

But Mr. *Weſtein* tells us, This was a
Calumny invented by *Mars*, who had a
natural Antipathy to a virtuous Woman or
a Learned Man: That *Endymion* was a
great Astronomer, who first describ'd the
Course of the Moon, and the Planetary
Motions; and had his Observatory on the
Mountain *Latmus*,

For

For (as *Ovid* records) they are often so good,
To impress their own Image on plain Flesh and Blood.
O'er the Earth they range wide, ev'ry Country and Town,
All Assemblies and Temples, and Baths of Renown ; 35
Great Seraglios, ungallant, impervious Abodes,
For a Tyrant reserv'd—or invisible Gods;
Where the Flowers of Beauty ungather'd decay,
And the Fairest of Mortals are kill'd by delay; 40
Or alas ! With one Man Joys indelicate prove,
Unexperienc'd in Friendship, unpractis'd in Love,
But the Topers dwell long in the Courts of the West ;
Whch are sacred to *Venus*, by *Venus* are blest,
Here her Younker his Train of Artillery brings, 45
To demolish the Pride of uncircumcis'd Kings ;
Nor is Youth unemploy'd, nor of Beauty is waste,
Nor are here Great Sultanas compell'd to be Chaste,

Thus

Thus enquiring they Toasted all Names, they could
 hit on, 50
 From remotest Japan to the Isles of Great Britain.

And as dignify'd thus were the Daughters of Earth,
 So the Gods they inspir'd, and enliven'd their Mirth.

But unjustly left proud Hypercriticks accuse,
 Or Untruths indecorous impute to the Muse;
 (For so much cou'd three Gods; or for Gods was it
 fitting,) 55

Thus to drink all the Toasts of two Worlds at a fitting?)
 Be my Patrons absolv'd; yet my Song be unseign'd,
 While Calliope tells, how their Choice was restrain'd.
 With unanimous Voice they establish'd this Rule,
 To allow of no Beauty, which cover'd a Fool: 60
 Yet so carnal were minded no Dame to admit,
 Who was only adorn'd with the Charms of her Wit,

and T

They

They excepted all Blacks, as offending the Sight;
 And no Wonder, since Females Divine are all White:
 All with *Austrian-made Lips, Shapes and Udders*
Teutonic,

Noses Flat, or high-Roman, Chins Downy or Conic,
Danish Legs, and Dutch Feet; (such howe'er wou'd not
 please,

As are moulded by Nurse for the noble *Chinese:*)
 All above *Venus Standard*, and all under Size:
 All who wore yellow Locks, or who wanted black
 Eyes.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 68. *As are moulded, &c.*

Pedes haud Mandarinorum
 Filiarum seu Uxorium,
 Dis placere. —

The Wives and Daughters of the *Chinese*
 Mandarins have such small Legs and Feet,
 that they are not able to support the

Weight of their Bodies. This is an essential Mark of their Nobility. For that reason they are constantly kept swathed all the time they are growing, so that when a Woman of Quality is married, those Parts are little bigger than they were when she was born. The curious Reader may see a *Chinese Slipper* in the *Oxford Museum*, or in the Cabinet of Sir Hans Sloan, and other great Virtuosos.

Hence

Hence infer, ye old Bards, that your Strokes are too bold,

Which have drawn the fair *Paphian* with Tresses of Gold.
Nor is Homer's Report of *Minerva* more true,
That her Eyes, which contended for Beauty, are Blue.

They excepted more justly all Nations of *Piffs*, 75

Who supply by Machin'ry their various Defects.
Not a Counterfeit Belle cou'd their prying escape,
Who had made a new Face, or had mended her Shape.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 72 — the fair Pa-
phian with Tresses, &c.

Vos, qui dixtis Auricomam
Reginam Paphi—

Paphos was a City of *Cyprus*, now call'd *Baffo*, where *Venus* had a famous Temple, and from whence she took this Title.

Ver. 73. Nor is Homer's Re-
port, &c.

Irridet Deos,
Palladi cum Cæruleos
Dat Ocellos, Mæonides.
Nec sit Vati ulla Fides !

Πλαυσίης (*cæruleos babens oculos*) the Homeric Name of *Pallas* or *Minerva* has generally been translated *Blue-ey'd*, and so I have rendered it above, Ver. 203. L. I. as well as in this Place. But Πλαυσίης properly signifies a Person who has Grey or Greenish Eyes. And upon second Thoughts I wou'd rather, that my Version of this Passage should run thus.

*Nor believe ye, what'e'er Father Homer
may say,
That the Eyes of Bright Pallas were
Grænish or Grey.*

I am the more inclin'd to this Opinion, since I have been inform'd, that some European Nations, particularly the Portuguese, do not esteem any Woman to be a compleat Beauty, unless she has Blue Eyes.

One

One was censur'd for combing her Eye-brows with Lead,
And another for spreading a Grain of *French Red.* 80
Little *A**, whom erft I invok'd for my Goddef,
Now alas ! was untoasted for wearing steel Bodice.
By Exceptions so nice, such severe Regulation,
Scarce suffic'd the whole Globe for a Night's Compo-
tation.

Tho' fo cautious, their Godships, as Beauties grew scant,
Often laps'd—but were never afham'd to recant. 85
Thus it happen'd, that *Phæbus* was fo much put to it,
He attempted to borrow a Toast from a Poet.

“ Have we fo long neglected a Nymph of great Fame,
“ Or is *Myra* forgot ! Be immortal the Name ! 90
“ Let

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 89. *Have we fo long ne-
glected, &c.*

Sic Potamus ?
Neque Nymphae memor-
amus, Tui

" Let the Glasses resound it ! Tho' serious he spoke,
 You'd ha' thought *Vol* and *Mars* never heard such a
 Joke.

Follow'd such a loud Laugh, such a Hoop, and a Hollow,
 That it shook the whole House, and confounded *Apollo* :

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Tuā quæ sonatur Lyrā,
 Tua, O Gr—nville, Myra,
 Immortale Nomen, &c.

A Nymph of spotless Worth and Fame,
MYRA shall be th' immortal Name.
 Ld. L.'s Poems.

Our Author here acknowledges to have borrow'd the Name of *MYRA* from Ld. L. who compos'd some amorous Verses towards the latter End of the last Century in Praise of this Lady. The lively turns, the delicate Sentiments, and all the Beauty and Elegance of the old Elegiac Poets shine in the little Pieces of this noble Author. And his *Myra* had been rank'd with the *Corinnas*, *Lesbias*, *Neeras*, &c. if Schaffer had not detected her Sorceries, and unveil'd the Matron in her old Age. I must not here omit to inform the English Reader of the Dispute among the Commentators concerning the Etymology of the Name of *MYRA*. *Tir-Oen* will have it to be the same Name with *Myrrba* the Daughter of *Cynaras* King of *Cyprus*, a Woman of that inordinate Appetite, that she fell in love with her Father, and had a Son by him. Mr. *Weßlein* derives it from *Mura* *Murana*, i.e. *Salax* & in *Venerem pronus*. Ω γραῦν και παπύρα και μύρα ετ. O thou' Traytor, and Impactor, and O thou' who art full of Lust.

In another Place the same Commentator conjectures, that *Myra* is a Corruption of *Myrbina* a famous Courtesan of *Abens*, who first practis'd and taught in that City *Sappho's Manner* and the *Lesbian Gambols*—Mr. *Cuper* assures us, that *Myra* or *Mura* is an old Teutonick Word (deriv'd from the Latin *Murus*) signifying a Wall, a Name or Title, which the People of *Franconia* in the Reign of the famous *Pharamond* bestow'd on every tall masculine Woman among their Nobility, those especially of the *Messalina* kind. *Si sic Mura, Wirbe Wir Upbe thie Silverine were*. If she is a *Mura* (or Wall) let us work or build upon her, &c. *Westerbami Par*. This figurative Expression was us'd by the *Jews*, and is to be found in the Works of the best Hebrew Authors; from whom we may suppose the old *Germans* borrow'd it. But after all, if *A Donald* the Translator may be allowed to differ from these learned Men, I shou'd think that this Name ought to be written with an (*i*) instead of a (*y*) and that it is either a Contraction of *μυρα*, which signifies Impure or Wicked, or else is the Fœminine of *Mirus*, Wonderful or Monstrous. Both these Epithets are applicable to the Character of Schaffer's Heroine, and well express the Qualities of a Sorceress, or an Hermaphrodite.

So astounding the Roar, and their Sides were so try'd : 95

'Tis agreed, if they had not been Gods, they had dy'd.

" Pray excuse us, quoth *Mars*: For by *Venus* bright
Eyes,

" By the Horrors of *Styx*, you had caus'd less Surprise,

" Had your Godship propos'd one of *Pluto's* Hag-
Ghosts:

" Nor *Alecto* wou'd thus have dishonour'd our Toasts. 100

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 97. *Pray excuse us, quoth
Mars, &c.*

—Dixit Mavors,

Pace vestrâ hæc ! sed meæ
Per Ocellos Cithereæ,
Vel per Styga dic, quid agis ?
(Non invideo miror magis.)
Minus nostros tu Nympharum
Dedeco-res Delectarum
Chorus, si que inferatur
Vel Inferna ; si bibatur
Alecto ipsa.

Here Sir *Mars* begins the History of
his Misfortunes upon Earth, which *Apollo*

had so much Politeness and Patience as to
listen to, notwithstanding there was not a
Circumstance unknown to him. In the
first Book Ver. 241 *Vol* prevented the
Warrior from entering into the Detail of
his own Actions, which he knew wou'd
tire the Company, and do his Brother no
great Honour. But when once the Knight
heard the Name of *Myra*, and heard it
mentioned with so much Respect, he cou'd
no longer contain—The Reader will ob-
serve how he ushers in his Narration with
a Volley of Oaths, a sort of Expletives
with which he constantly embellish'd his
Discourse, both to convince the Incredu-
lous, and make himself appear more ter-
rible—*Si bibatur Alecto ipsa.* *Alecto*
was one of the three Furies.

F

" Tho'

“ Tho’ so famous is *Myra* in quaint Roundelay,
 “ Twenty Winters have seen her deep Wrinkled and
 Grey.
 “ When afraid of a Man—if she e'er was afraid;
 “ When she bloom'd a young Maid—if she e'er was a
 Maid;
 “ Even then, if I guess *Pbæbus'* manner of thinking, 105
 “ Tho’ so dull my own Fancy, she was not worth
 drinking.
 “ Did you mark a huge Matron, ybent like a Bow,
 “ In the Circle o'ershad'wing a little Dutch Frow,

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 103. *When afraid of a Man, &c.*

Tunc, cum nostra Viros vi-
 tasset, unquam Viros si.
 Virguncu-la cùm blandu-la,
 Si fuisset Virguncu-la.

Myra adiuc Infans libidine accensa.
Vulgaris ejus circumfertur exclamatio Je
 veux que le Grand Dieu Priape me punisse,
 si je me Souviens d'avoir jamais eu mon
 Pucelage! Tir-Oen.

When *Myra* was but an Infant, she
 was very wanton. That famous Saying of
 the old Matron's is now in every Bodies
 Mouth, Let me be punished by the Great
 God *Priapus*, if I ever remember the
 Time, when I was a Virgin. *Tir-Oen*
Com. The same Thing is said by *Quar-*
tilla *Priestess* of *Priapus* in *Petronius*.

Ver. 107. *Did you mark a huge Matron, &c.*

Tunc cum stetur in Coronâ,
 Nonne visa est Matrona

Sicut

“ Ogling all Men of might, and of Appetites keen,
 “ Talking loud, and unseemly directing Vice-Queen? 110
 “ But has *Momus* not told you, that this is the Danie,
 “ Who has ruin’d my Fortune, and injur’d my Farne;
 “ Who has caus’d all my Projects on Earth to miscarry;
 “ Whom the Caitif young *Hymen* entic’d me to marry?

“ ’Tis

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Sicut arcus incurvata,
Ingens, humerisq; lata;
Oculis salaces, Forteis
Mœchos notans irretortis?
Cujus lateri hærebatur
Vrouw pusilla; dum monebat
Hæc Reginam, turpe ridens,
Obscoenè loquax.

Hæc mordaci descriptione Castellum Regium jam primum intranti Andromache Mavortis mihi innostuit—Vrouw pusilla cuiusdam Trauli uxor pumila, Judea, ex Battavorum Gente oriunda. Hæc Muliercula supra omnes Amatores Amicasque Myra placuit, & Primarie Tribadum seu Lefbiadum nomine insignita est. In Lib. 3. Daemonium Miræ appellatur, ubi mores & facinora ejus depinguntur. Tir-Oen Com.

The first time I went to the Castle (says Tir-Oen) I easily discovered the Huge Wife of Sir Mars by this sarcastical Description.

Vrouw pusilla, or the little Dutch Frow is the Wife of one Traulus. She’s a Jewess and a Dwarf. However, this little Woman gave *Myra* more Pleasure

than all the rest of her Lovers and Mistresses. She was therefore dignified with the Title of Chief of the *Tribades* or *Lesbians*. In the 3d Book she is called the Imp of *Myra*; and there her Manners and Action are likewise describ’d.

I am inclin’d to believe, this is the same Person, who before, Ver. 81. is call’d little *A**, tho’ none of the Commentators have taken any notice of that Passage.

Ver. 111. *But has Momus not told, &c.*

*Annon Male-dicus dixit
Momus &c.*

Momus was the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*. He observ’d the Actions of the other Gods, and censur’d ‘em with the greatest Freedom. *Momus* signifies a Jester or Scoffer.

Ver. 114. *Whom the Caitif young Hymen, &c.*

*Hanc, quam Hymenæus Hymen,
Iste Carnifex, &c.*

“ Tis the same, whom before me two Mortals had wedded ;

115

“ And (if Fame does her Justice) two hundred had Bedded.

“ But

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Hymenæus was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus Urania*. He was the God of Marriage, and the Protector of Virgins. To him the new-married Women offer'd Sacrifice. But this Ceremony was omitted by *Myra*, who never pray'd to the Gods for Benefits, or invok'd any Deities except *Hecate* and her Furies. This is sufficient to invalidate the Charge, which Sir *Mars* hath here brought against the good *Hymen*; who had indeed long ago spy'd his Concubinage, but knew nothing of his Marriage, till *Momus* acquainted him with it; and even long after that it was a Secret here on Earth. What Motive induc'd the Warrirr to engage himself thus far to his old Mistreis, is an Enquiry, which has exercis'd the Pens of several learned Mythologists, as well as the Commentators on our Author. For 'tis well known that *Mars*, both before his Fall and for many Years after, was a profes'd Marriage-hater. And tho' he was so fond of other Men's Wives, yet he cou'd not endure the Thoughts of being tied to one of his own. The Opinion most commonly receiv'd is, that *Myra* in a Dish of Chocolate gave him a Philtre, which she had compounded with such excellent Skill, and which operated so powerfully, that the amorous Fit lasted three Lunar Months. Thus *Tir-Oen*, *Cum jam anus, Mira cujupiam amore flagraret, variis Incantationibus succos Herbarum & Radicum immiscens, & Hippomanem adbibens, Philtrum seu Poculum Amoris parabat*;

ac Potionem Vino aut Gibis infusam nibil suspicanti Amato dabant Venefica. Hac arte oblationem Martis, cum nuptiis overfaretur, perwickit; & jam ex Schænicula fit Bellatoris Coniux. Whenever *Myra* happen'd to fall in love in her old Age, she had recourse to Incantations and Philtres. The latter she prepared by mixing the Juices of divers Roots and Herbs, and then adding the *Hippomanes*. This Potion on the Sorceress took an Opportunity of giving to the Person she lov'd in a Glais of Wine, in Soup, &c. By this means she conquer'd the Aversion which Sir *Mars* had to Marriage, and prevail'd on him to make her his Wife, tho' she was then a very disagreeable old Woman.

Mr. *Wetstein* rejecting this Story of the Philtre as a meer Fable, is of Opinion, that the Marriage of *Mars* and *Myra* was inflicted on 'em by the Gods as a Punishment for their former Adulteries, *Alienarum uxorum olim nimium appetens Mavors, suâ jam diu nimium contentus*. Sir *Mars* who formerly covet'd every Man's Wife he saw, had now enough of his own.

And then adds the same Commentator, *Mira, quæ Mavortum Adulterum desperbat, connubio sibi junctum odio babuit. Myra, tho' she was so fond of Mars, while he was her Gallant, cou'd not endure him after he became her Husband.*

Mr. *Cuper*, without enquiring into the Particulars of this famous Conjunction, or by what Means it was effected, contents himself to say, speaking

“ But her various Amours never gave me great Pain ;
“ Things unpractis’d perhaps in old *Saturn’s* cold Reign.
“ Well I wot, modern Wives are refin’d in their Taste :
“ Who pretends, since th’ Accession of *Jove*, to be
Chaste?

120

“ But the Matter, which caus’d the poor Husband
repent,
“ Was the State she assum’d, and the Money she spent.

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

ing of *Myra*, *Nupfit*, *Marti non ut Bellator ipso*, qui sum senuit, sed ut Bellatoris equis, territ & argento potiretur. *Myra* married the Warrior, not out of any Affection she had remaining for him, (for he was then grown old) but in order to posseſs her ſelf of his Horſes, Lands, Money, &c.

These are the Opinions of the three Commentators, and as for my part I am inclin’d to think, they are all just and true. At least I am ſure they may be all very easily reconcil’d.

Ver. 118. *Things unpractis’d perhaps, &c.*

Haud *Saturnus* fan Vidit
Regnum Mæchos. Sed uxores

Imperante Politiore
Nostro Jove. Jam Amicæ
Cunctæ fiunt Impudicæ ;
Sponte fiunt.

Tir-Oen here remarks, that Sir *Mass* had three general Topics of Conversation, viz. *De Diis & Superioribus semper male loqui*, *Matronam nullam esse pudicam jure jurando affirmare*, *se ac Facinora sua longo Sermone jactitare*. To Blaspheme the Gods and ipeak Evil of all Men ; To affirm with an Oath, that no married Woman is Chaste ; To Boast immoderately of himself and his own Actions. See Note Ver. 25, and Ver. 137, of this Book.

" For she now wou'd be worship'd (a Goddefis by
Marriage !)

" Rich, as *Juno's* her Drefs, and as Haughty her Carriage ;
" With Contempt looking down on simple Morta-
lity,

125

" What an Havock she made to fupport her new Quality !
" All my Jewels, and Plate, all my Goods, and my Chattels,
" All the Pay, and the Presents I got by my Battles ;
" All I gain'd by exporting War-Horses to *Gallia*,
" She accounted *Para*- (what d'ye call 'em ?) - *pbernalia*. 130
" Nor my Jewels, or Chattels, or Pay wou'd suffice ;
" Ev'ry Banker was wheedled to furnish Supplies,
" As my Debts thus encreas'd, she enlarg'd her Demands ;
" Till I sold my fine Stud ; and then mortgag'd my Lands.

" Nor

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

Ver. 134. *Till I sold my fine
Stud, &c.*

Terras, equos, ac pulchrarum
Pullos vendidi equarum.

The

“ Nor the Pistoles she spar’d, when I beg’d for the Few, 135

“ Which remain’d. My dear *Mars*, there are more in *Peru*:

“ Canst not thou here import ‘em by magic Divine?

“ Or else open on *Bellewstown Hills* a Gold Mine?

“ But to this I objected—I live here Incog,

“ And derive no more Power from above, than King Log. 140

NOTES and OBSERVATIONS.

The Warrior had once a very fine Stud, and was growing famous for a Breed of excellent Horses. He had already exported some into *France*, and had great Returns. But this laudable Project of enriching himself was defeated by the Extravagance of *Myra*, he having been obliged at one time to sell a hundred of his choice Mares to pay her play Debts, &c.

Ver. 137. *Canst not thou here import, &c.*

Aureosq;
Heic Philippos importare;
Sive nostra perforare
Bellewstoni Juga!

When *Myra* had spent all the Warrior’s Money, and had sold his Horses, Lands, Plate, &c. she demanded that he shou’d give her a Proof of his Divinity by sending an Invisible Agent to the *Spanisb West-Indies* for a Supply, or else by sinking a Mine on *Bellewstown Hills* near *Drogheda*, the Jointure Lands of our Heroine. As unreasonable and ridiculous as this Request seem’d to be, yet she was sufficiently justified in making it thro’ the vain-glorious Speeches, which Sir *Mars* threw out on all

Occasions before his Marriage: But especially when he was converging with his Concubines. For then he wou’d boast, that notwithstanding his Exile, he had sufficient Power to raise himself to the Dignity of a Lord, a Lord Treasurer, a Lord Lieutenant; nay, if he pleas’d, to the high Office of a King, an Emperor, a Sultan, &c. *Istunculum Gloriosum Militem* (says *Tir-Oen*) *ad sahidum usque quoties contemplatus sum, dum Imperium sibi modo designat, modo meretricula cuiquam aureos montes pollicetur?* How often have I beheld that Braggadochio of a Soldier, till I grew quite sick, while he was either marking out for Himself a Kingdom, or promising some little Harlot Mountains of Gold,

In this Place indeed the Warrior replies to his Spouse with great Humility, and acknowledges his Incapacity and want of Power, yet he soon relapses into his old manner of Boasting, and intemperately assumes his natural Character. See below Ver. 212. and Ver. 327. and what is said of him by *Mercury* and *Tatius* in the 3d Book.

Ver. 140.—than King Log.

— *Inutile Lignum*
Rex Ranarum. —

See the Fable of the Frogs, who desired *Jupiter* to give ‘em a King.

F 4

“ I’m

" I'm Chevalier, 'tis true. But alas ! modern Knight-

" -Hood's become a meer Jeſt, and there's nothing got
by't.

" And your Highness wou'd want a plain Dinner, and
Dwelling,

" If in Youth I had not understood Colonelling.

" But if thus you make Waste, I must hide my old
Head,

135

" Or solicit the Sutler to trust us for Bread.

" Sudden answer'd the Dame. Unabash'd who can hear

" Therenown'd God of Battle expressing such Fear ;

" With his own loving Wife Money Matters disputing ?

" Is the Genius of *Mars* thus unskill'd in Recruiting ? 150

" For Subſtence to whom need a Soldier owe Thanks,

" Where a King has Exchequers, and Subjects haye
Banks ?

" Cou'd

" Cou'd I wear your bold Front, and your Breeches,
wou'd I go

" Into Flanders, and plunder, as you did at *Vigo*.

" Modern Knighthood, I ween, much Relief may af-
ford,

155

" If, instead of a Muff, you wou'd wield a Broad Sword,

" Is he not a meer Recr'ant, whose Lady's unfed,

" Who by storming a Windmill is sure to get Bread?

" Thus reproaching she fir'd me. I sold my Debentures;

" And equipt, like St. George, went in quest of Adventures:

160

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Ver. 154.—*and plunder, as you did at Vigo.* must be allow'd a meritorious Action, a Pagan Divinity.

Quæ Opima spolia Vigo
Tibi Olim—

Sir *Mars* was Q—r M—r General in the *Vigo* Expedition, and had by that means all imaginable Opportunities of enriching himself by Plunder. But (if I am rightly inform'd) he brought nothing home more than he carried out, except a Jar of Snuff and a Silver Crucifix. He took away the latter, not so much for the Value of the Metal, as for the sake of committing a small piece of Sacrilege, which

Ver. 156. *If instead of a Muff, &c.*

—Manticatam
Si exuas, abjiciasq;
Pellem istam, distringasq;
Ensem Martis.

Sir *Mars* seldom appear'd abroad without a large Muff hanging at his Girdle. See in the 4th Book the great Benefit he received by wearing his Muff, when he fought with *Myra*.

" Having

" Having first swore by *Styx* not to Borrow, or Pay ;
 " Or to bow at the Castle, or sweat on the *Quay* ;
 " Till that I, by my Prowess, a Kingdom had won ;
 " Or had forc'd from great Chymists Philosopher's Stone.
 " While I thus form the Hero of future Romances ; 165
 " Lo ! a dire Disaster ruins all my fine Fancies.
 " For *Minerva* that Prude, on a silly Pretence,
 " That my Actions on Earth gave her Highness Offence,
 " Here incites a young Squire, by my Presence unaw'd,
 " To revile me in Publick—and Cudgel a God ! 170

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Ver. 161. Having first swore
by *Styx*, &c.

Per *Styga* jurans, &c.

Styx is a River of Hell, but so sacred to the Gods, that when they swear by it they dare not violate the Oath. For whoever was guilty of the Breach of an Oath sworn by the River *Styx* was deprived of his Divinity, and Banish'd. Why this peculiar Honour was granted to *Styx*, see *Hesiod's Theogonia*. Mr. Cuper is of Opinion, that the frequent Perjuries of *Mars* were the real Cause of his Exile.

Ver. 162.—or to sweat on
the Quay.

Aut Sudare, ubi Cothon,
Uffere, tuus,

Coton seu *Caia Ufferi* vel *Ufferi* *Iucus*
ubi babitarat *Uxor Martis*. *Tir-Oen*.
Uffser's Quay. (in Dublin) is that part of the City (lays *Tir-Oen*) where the Wife of Sir *Mars* then lived.

Sudare i.e. *Permolare Myram*.

Ver. 169. Here incites a young
Squire, &c.

Dum Juvenculo adfuit,
Vultus Martis haud terru-it.
Nam Opprobria hic Gafneus
Dixit—Vapulatq; Deus !

John B—ll—w of *Gafny*, Esq; was the Person who Cudgel'd Sir *Mars*. It seems the Knight had done this Gentleman some very ill Offices ; and had hurt him, or endeavoured to hurt him in his private Fortuno

“ Nor so great the Affront, so malicious the Trick,
 “ Which she servd me at *Troy* in defending the *Greek* ;
 “ For the Wound, which was given by *Diomed's* Spear,
 “ Was a Mark of my Courage—*Fortune de la Guerre* !

“ But

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Fortune. Of this Mr. *B—ll—w* being well inform'd demanded Satisfaction, and by a Person of Honour, one of his near Relations, sent a Challenge to our Hero. To which the cautious Knight return'd for Answer, that he was at that Time extreamly Indispos'd, and was therefore obliged to decline the Compliment. But that he wou'd take all imaginable care of himself, and recover as fast as possibly he cou'd ; and as soon as he found his Body in a Fighting Condition, he wou'd appoint the Weapons and Place of meeting. Thus the Matter rested for about a Fortnight or three Weeks ; during which Time, the Knight went every Day abroad, and appear'd at Court, in the King, and in all publick Places, without any visible Mark of Sicknes, excepting, that he was sometimes wrapt up in a Cloak. Mr. *B—ll—w* conceiv'd himself to be now doubly injur'd, and that such a Neglect and Insult required another sort of Correction, than what he intended to bestow on Sir *Mars* in the Field. Wherefore without farther Ceremony, he Can'd or Cudgel'd the noble Colonel the first Time he cou'd conveniently approach him. This memorable Action happen'd at *Dick's Coffee-House* in *Skinner-Row* ; where the old Woman still shews the Place and Posture in which the Warrior stood, and the Manner in which Mr. *B—ll—w* attack'd Him.

Ver. 173. *For the Wound
which was given by Dio-
med's, &c.*

*Certè signum nostræ Vir-
-tutis, &—Fortune de la
Guerre*

*Fili Hasta cùm Tydei
Nos percussit. At Gafnei
Heu ! famam Baſtinado host-
-is inquinavit ; ut nec post-
-meritis paretur quies ;
Nec imminuat ulla dies
Iſtud Dedeſcus.*

As this Action at the Siege of *Troy* is related by *Homer*, I cannot think it redounds to the Honour of Sir *Mars*, tho' he urges it here as an incontestable proof of his Courage. He fought indeed furiously for some time, and as long as he met with little Resistance ; but as soon as he receiv'd a slight Wound, he Roar'd and Ran away—*At Gafnei—Damnoſa Baſtinado*—To be Cudgel'd is certainly a most grievous Misfortune, especially when it happens to a Soldier. For the Ignominy, as Sir *Mars* observes very justly, is never to be wip'd off. But this is to be under-
stood

“ But a curs’d Bastinado imprints a Disgrace, 175

“ That my Merit can’t cover, nor Time will efface.

Here *Apollo* enquir’d, “ Why he did not oppose

“ All his Force to Revenge, or to parry the Blows?

Thus the Knight answer’d shrugging: “ Nor cou’d I

oppose;

“ Or had Force to Revenge, or to parry the Blows. 180

“ When I fell from *Olympus* (unjust was my Doom!)

“ For my Safety compel’d human Form to assume;

“ Well Compacted, and Nervous, becoming a God, I

“ To *Prometheus* gave Orders to make me a Body.

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stood in such Cafes only, when the Wight, who has receiv’d the Bastinado, sits down quietly without resenting the Affront. For in all the British Islands a Man may repair his Honour by Fighting his Adversary. Mr. *Weftstein* in his Note on this Place seems desirous to be informed, whether the Stick, which Mr. *B—llew* us’d, was Cane, Oak, or Crab-Tree; and is of Opinion that the Value of the Wood alters the Nature of the Affront. But I think our military Courts, as well as the Courts of Honour established in France, make no Difference in this Case.

Ver. 184. To Prometheus
gave Orders, &c.

Prometheum jussi —

Prometheus the Son of *Iapetus* and the Father of *Deucalion*. He was the First, as we find in History, who form’d a Man out of Clay, which Work he performed with so much Art and Skill, that *Mинерва* offered him any Thing in her Power to make it compleat; and by her Assistance he afterwards stole Fire from Heaven to animate his Man of Clay — It was probably owing to the Insinuations and Artifice of this Goddess, and the Influence she had over *Prometheus*, that the Body of our Hero was so ill made.

“ But

- “ But my Grinders excepted, a little Fine Blood, 185
- “ And a Favourite Member, that whilom was Good ;
- “ He has work'd up my Carkass with very coarse Paste ;
- “ Or 'tis else some old Stuff, which the Knave has new cast.
- “ As you see, I'm Wrong-headed : Too thick is my Scull,
- “ With a deep *Pia Mater*, that is not half Full. 190
- “ I've within a white Liver, o'erflow'd with black Gall,
- “ And a Heart that is Hollow, very Hard, and too Small.
- “ Pray remark my Soft Look, and how Supple my Face ;
- “ (Tho' the Rascal pretends, there's a Mixture of Brats)

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Ver. 190. *With a deep Pia Mater, that is not half full.*

*Laxa, neq; semiplena
Pia Mater.*

The *Pia Mater* is a thin fine Membrane, which incloses the Brain and *Cerebellum*.

Ver. 194. *Tho' the Rascal pretends, &c.*

— *tamen si,*
Nebuloni credide-ris,
Pondo admiscetur Æris.

Mr. Cuper and *Weßlein*, who had both frequently seen Sir *Mars* in Holland, during his Cohabitation with the C—— of N——le's, are of Opinion, that *Prometheus* really and truly us'd a whole Pound of Brats in the Composition of the Warrior's Front ; tho' they allow the Accusation in all other respects to be very just. Certain it is, says *Tir-Oen*, if our Hero wanted Brats, it was his own Fault. *Sic non Abenea caperat Frons Herois nostri, sibimet ipsi imputetur. Namque ad Trojam, &c.* For before his Fall he was usually adorn'd with so great a Quantity of that Metal, that at the Siege of *Troy* he was commonly call'd *Xadrossor Agre*, or *Colonel Brazen* ; and when *Homer* speaks of him with most Respect, he distinguishes the Warrior by this Title.

“ How

" How my Ears are the same, you bestow'd on the
King:

195

" Him I mean, who deny'd, that *Apollo* could Sing.

" That, my Breath, and my Features are vastly too strong;

" Full of Evil my Tongue, and three Inches too long.

" But observe the curs'd Members, the Source of my

Harms,

" Inoffensive weak Hands, and unmuscular Arms; 200

" Vildest

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Ver. 195. *How my Ears are the same, &c.*

Auriculas mi imposuit Afininas, quales Tu Regi, cuius mens insana Tibi prætulisset Pana.

Pan the God of Shepherds had the Vanity to contend with *Apollo* for the Mastery in Singing; and *Midas*, a King of *Perrycia*, who was one of the Judges, gave the Preference to *Pan*, for which *Apollo* clapt on his Head a pair of Ass's Ears. Hence arose the Proverb,

Auriculas Afini Mida Rex babet,

Intimating such, as are incapable to judge rightly of any thing, which they hear, yet can hear at a great Distance. Asses Ears are very inconvenient to a private Person,

but are to be dreaded, when they appear on the Head of a great King. — Mr. Cuper imagines, that the several Misfortunes, which befell Sir *Mars* here on Earth, are to be ascrib'd to the Gravitation of his Head, and to the Length of his Ears and Tongue, and not to the want of Elasticity in his Hands and Arms, which is the Reason assign'd by the Warrior in the following Veres.

Ver. 199. *But observe, &c.*

*Sed Ignavam hanc cunctorum
Causam aspice Malorum
Dextram; hosce nec Torosos,
Nec Lacertos Bellicosos!*

I am very unwilling to differ from the three Learned Gentlemen, to whom I am obliged

“ Vilest Parts, unendu’d with a Power elastic,
 “ That Insensible suffer the Pressures of a Stick !
 “ Yet the Cudgel unseen, and the Foe at a distance ;
 “ How they brandish a Weapon, and feign a Resistance !
 “ Better form’d was Sir *Hudi*—and eke his low Squire; 205
 “ More Robust in their Limbs (tho’ they wanted my Fire)
 “ Which undaunted have oft a dry Basting withstood ;
 “ Tho’ afraid of cold Iron, durst rise against Wood.

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obliged for the best part of my Notes on this Author. But I must maintain, that the Warrior’s Accusation of *Prometheus* is not altogether so just as they allow it to be. If we examine the Character of Sir *Mars* by the *Iliad*, which is the Touch-stone by which to prove him, we shall find, that even in his State of Glory he had a Wrong Head, an Hard Heart, and a very Bad Tongue. I refer to the several Titles and Actions bestowed on him by *Homer* for the Truth of this Assertion. As to the Weakness of his Hands and Arms, and the want of Muscles and Elasticity, of which the Knight complains, ‘tis a meer Jest, and is here urged by him only to cover his Poltronery. The Truth is, that neither before or since his Fall wou’d he fight where he found a stout Opposition ; and it cannot be infanc’d from any History, that this mighty Hero ever struck again, after he had

once been wounded, or had receiv’d two or three Blows. The *Romans*, who had a much greater Veneration for him, than the *Greeks*, yet cou’d not conceal the ill Qualities of their God. For to omit at present all the hard Words which *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Lucan*, *Statius*, *Silius Italicus*, *Claudian*, and many other, of the old *Latin Poets*, have given him, *Juvonal* directly charges him with want of Courage, or an Inability to defend either his Goods or Person, when he was attack’d in his own Temple.

Ex quo Mars Ultor Galeam quoq; perdidit,
& res
Non potuit servare suas. Juv. Sat. 14.

Since *Mars*, whom we the Great Reven-
 ger call,
 Lost his own Helmet, and was stript of all.
Dryd.

" Now so weak in the Flesh, yet by Jupiter I am
 " In my Spirit as brave, as when we fought for Priam. 210
 " Vol, who knows all my Thoughts, if he pleases can tell
 you;
 " Many times, in my Mind, I have kill'd that Jack B--llew.

" Vol

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Ver. 210.—*as when we fought
for Priam.*

Cum pro Trojâ stetissemus,
Priamiq; Regno.

At the Siege of Troy *Apollo* and *Mars* were on the *Trojans* Side; but their Behaviour was very different. *Apollo* acted up to the Character of a God; and *Mars* did every thing like a Mad-man.

Ver. 211. Vol, who knows all
my Thoughts, &c.

O magne, tibi dicat, Sol,
(Dicere si lubeat) Vol,
Meam inspicit qui mentem;
Quoties inscius ac absentem
Provocavi ad Duellu';
Hunc occidi Jaccum B--llew.

It was a Custom inviolably observ'd by Sir *Mars*, after he had been Cudgel'd by Mr. *B--llew*, to kill that Gentleman MENTALLY once at least every Day. This gallant Action was performed in the following manner. The Knight having dined plentifully, and being well heated with

Wine, his Guests departed, and his Servants dismiss'd, carefully lock'd his Parlour Door. And then supposing his Adversary to stand before him in the Form of his Great Elbow Chair, he devoted him *Dis Inferis*, and drawing a *Toledo*, which he had bought for this purpose, he advanced with a seeming Intrepidity, and push'd with so much Skill and Violence, that generally by the first or second Thrust the Chair was run quite thro' the Body. Then he wip'd his Blade, and sheath'd it with great Complacency; fung an *Io Triumpe* fitting on his Enemy, whom he had thus mortally wounded, and fell fast asleep. *Tir-Om*, who had frequently seen this Chair, declares, that it was ragged and tatter'd, and that he had observ'd the Sun to shine thro' it in several Places. And a very skilful Operator of my Acquaintance assures me, that having upon a certain Occasion prob'd and examin'd the Holes or Wounds, he plainly discover'd, that they cou'd not have been made by any other Weapon than a *Spanijs Rapiere*. But alas! this was not the Fate of poor Mr. *B--llew* only. For in like manner our Hero reveng'd himself on all other his reputed Enemies, and on all Persons in High Stations, who did not pay him a proper Respect, or whose Opinions or Principles were not conformable to his own. Some he kill'd by overturning his

Table,

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Table, others by slitting a Pannel of the Wainscot. And those, who were most hateful to him, he destroyed by running his Head with a true martial Fury thro' the Sash Windows. In these last Encounters he was sometimes desperately

wounded. And particularly attempting once in this manner to slay a perverse *Englishman*, with whom he had some Law Disputes, the noble Knight was in Danger of losing both his Ears.

For the Reader's Satisfaction I have here added an Alphabetical List of the Persons, who have been MENTALLY kill'd by Sir *Mars*, from the Year 1708 to the Year 1728; faithfully extracted from the *Encomium Martis*, or *Killing no Murder*.

Aldermen	6—○	Judges	4—○
Apple Women Old	3—○	Keepers of the Phœnix Park	23—○
Attorneys	16—½	Kings	9—½
Bakers	3—○	Knights	2—○
Bankers	4—○	Lords, Lords Lieutenants, and Lords Justices	17—○
Baronets	1—○	Milliner-Women	3—○
Barristers	5—○	Parliament Men	59—○
Butchers	4—○	Pawn-Brokers	6—○
Butter Women	7—○	Pimps	18—○
Captain Half Pay	1—○	Poets	2—○
Catch Poles	23—½	Popes	4—○
Commissioners	4—○	Priests	365—○
Corn-cutters	1—○	Sheriffs and Under-Sheriffs	6—○
Countesses	2—○	Surgeons	2—○
Devils	40—○	Vicounts	1—○
Doctors of Law	1—○	Vintners	2—○
Drapers	1—○	Wine Merchants	4—○
Equires	10—○	In all — Males	667
Farriers	5—○	Females	14
Grooms	10—○	Total of the Slain	681
Generals	5—○		
Grenadier-Centinel	1—○		
Jaylor	1—○		

N. B. Several Persons in the above List were kill'd by mistake, others after they were Dead: And some few, who found the means of being reconciled to the old Knight, were suffered to live again, and pass the rest of their Days unmolested. Particularly a tall Keeper called *Halpen*, or *Half-penny*, after he had been killed or mortally wounded a hundred and ten times, grew into such Favour with our Hero, as to be prefer'd by him to a Place of Trust and Profit within his Jurisdiction.

N. B. In this List are not reckoned the Knight's Domestick Servants, who were slain for every trifling Offence, without regard to the Sex, or Age.

Quers. Whether the Doctor of Law, and the two Poets should not be included in the Article of Devils!

“ Vol attested the Fact, swearing hard, that he knew,
 “ All his Brother had urg’d, to a tittle was true.
 “ (If the Knight’s at a Loss, Vol unfolds the Affair, 215
 “ Ever ready, when Seconds are wanting, to SWEAR.)
 “ Then he added—Hard Fate! that so gallant a Mind
 “ Shou’d be thus to a vile Habitation confin’d.
 “ How Heroic his Thoughts, tho’ his Figure is mean!
 “ How his Spirit wou’d shine, if it cou’d but be seen! 220

“ His

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Ver. 215. If the Knight’s at
 a Loss, Vol, &c.

Res nodosas explicare
 Vol paratus, ac jurare
 Vera, falsa, quot & quæ
 fint,
 Testes si famosi defint.

Among all the Inhabitants of this Island there was not one, who in his Dealings was more unjust than Sir Mars. He never paid his Debts or performed his Contracts but by Compulsion. He never acknowledged the Receipt of Monies, but even denied his own Signature, if it was produced to witness against him. When he sold or mortgag’d his Lands or Houses, he endeavoured to make void the Deeds of Conveyance by affirming they were only in Trust for Himself; or that he had been Impos’d on and Cheated, neither

knowing or rememb’ring what he had sign’d and seal’d. In all these infamous Retractions Vol was his faithful Confederate, and never scrupled to invent Circumstances, and attest ‘em publickly, if by such a Method he could be serviceable to his Brother’s Cause. This is what the Poet insinuates here. I shall have occasion to enlarge on this Subject in my Notes on the third Book.

Ver. 220. How his Spirit
 wou’d shine, &c.

Spiritus si compareret,
 Qualis Splendor!

Our Author seems to have taken this Hint from the Epistle of Vol to the Chevalier Mars, written in the old Irish Language by Benedict Mullbollan a Druid of Wicklow, which was published a little before Mr. Scheffer’s Poem. I have here translated

“ His Assassins thus hide in dark Lanterns their Light:
 “ Thus his Scabbard is rusty ; his Sword, it is bright.
 “ But be just, O ye Gods ! Let his Talents be known ;
 “ And the Conquests he makes, when the Chieftain’s alone !
 “ Let his MENTAL Atchievements, which *Quixot*’s surpasses,
 225
 “ Or be writ in Gold Letters, or graven on Brafs !
 “ Or to me lend your Pipe, and Poetical Power ;
 “ And an Iliad I’ll frame—with the Acts of one Hour.
 “ Well, O ! *Vol*, thou hast spoke, said *Apollo*, and smil’d ;
 “ Yet be not by false Fire, or thy Genius beguil’d ! 230
 “ Nor can I tune thy Voice, or instruct thee to play :
 “ And attempting to chaunt, I’m afraid, thou woud’st bray.

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translated the beginning of that Epistle, to give the *British* Reader a Specimen of *Mullbollar*’s manner. I intend shortly to translate the whole, as well as some other Pieces of this eminent *Druid*, to do still more Honour to Mr. *Scheffer*’s Heroes.

Vol to the Chevalier *Mars S. D.*

*Knight, here are saucy Gypsies, who divine,
 Our Wealth and Passions by a single Line ;*

*Our noble Spirits by our Looks Controll,
 And form the Type and Index of each Soul.
 Thus they foretel your Courage by your Mien,
 And counsel Mars to combat Harlequin.
 Me undiscerning too the Jades uncase,
 And fwear my Soul is blacker than my Face.
 But well I ken, your Mind, Æthereal Spark,
 Like Heart of Oak’s inclos’d in wrinkled
 Bark.*

*As you perceive my inward Man to shine :
 Foul Bottles thus contain the brightest Wine ;*

- “ If an Iliad you want, and are truly inclin'd
 “ To extol the bold Knight, and to image his Mind ;
 “ O address the great Bard, I have chosen to sing ; 235
 “ To exalt Men of Merit, but flatter no King.

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Ver. 235. *O address the great Bard, &c.*

Hunc orate (juvent te Dî)
 Artem Carminis cui dedi ;
 Bonos solers qui cantare
 Nescit Reges adulari ;
 Lilliputiae fingit bellum
 Qui Pigmæulum Popellum :
 Condit Brobdignag-giantes
 Gigantissimos Gigantes,
 Turrium instar. Dum ænei
 Cedit Fulmen Salmonei
 Tuo Vates : Suum Te sens-
 -it hæc Urbs Præsidium præ-
 sens.
 O quam dignè hic jocosus
 Res non gestas, animosus,
 Dicat, quas excogitavit
 Mars, quam fortiter pugna-
 vit
 Mens Martialis.

The Poet here insinuates the Attempt which was made about the Year 1723 by *Wood* and his Patrons to carry off all the Gold and Silver, the current Coin of this Country, in exchange for Brass Half-pence, and which was defeated by some excellent Pieces written on that occasion

by Dr. S——r the present Dean of St. *P*—’s, than whom no Country can boast a better Patriot, and no Age has produced a greater Genius.

Fulmen Salmonei. *Salmoneus* was a King of *Eli*, a Province in the *Peloponnesus*, now called *Belvidera*. He was so presumptuous, as to affect the being thought a God ; and to this end he built a very high Bridge of Bræs over his capital City, on which he was wont to drive in his Chariot, that he might imitate the Thunderer by the Sound and Noise. *Jupiter*, provoked by his Impiety, struck him dead with a real Thunderbolt. This Allusion our Author has borrowed from the following Epigram quoted by *Tir-Oen*.

*Mentiturq; Jovem & fingit Salmoneus
 Arma.*
Sic quoq; Woodus inops intonat Ære suo.
Ecce ruit Moles ! Quid non Facundia vincit !
Juppiter bœc potuit fulmine, voce Maro.

I.

Salmon for a *Jove* wou'd pass ;
 Forg'd his Arms and feign'd his Voice,
 Silly *Wood* thus strikes his Bræs,
 And alarms us with the Noise.

2.

To the Fabrick falls asunder !
 Who wou'd Eloquence provoke ?
Jove was forc'd to use his Thunder :
 But our *Maro* only spoke.

“ *Lilliputians*

“ *Lilliputians* who feign’d, pretty Pygmy Dwarf People;

“ And the *Brob-dig-nag* Giants built high as a Steeple.

“ Who repell’d the *Braſs Thunder*, by darting his own;

“ And, destroying *Salmonœus* preserv’d the poor Town. 240

“ How facetious he’ll tell the great Deeds, you have
thought; *To Mars.*

“ And the Battles record, which your Fancy has fought!”

Ceas’d the God. When in Accents uncouth Chevalier

Thus proceeds—and *Apollo* has Patience to hear.

“ Now is past my Mishap, I retreat to my House 245

“ Much abash’d, and sore dreading the Taunts of my
Spouse.

“ But how great my Surprise, when I mark’d the Alarm,

“ And the Footmen, and Women preparing to arm!

“ When the Dame thus begun, looking piteous and sighing,

“ (Nor she seem’d to grieve more, when her Monkey was
dying) 250

“ How uncertain is War, and how vain are our Cares !

“ How the Fates have inverted all human Affairs !

“ Since a saucy raw Squire may insult a good Knight ;

“ And a Col’nel be Cudgel’d, and Jockeys dare fight.

“ Yet ’tis some consolation, and lessens my pain, 255

“ That you only was Drubb’d—For you might have been
slain.

“ And be cheary, my *Mars* ! Be assur’d, at my suit

“ That their High Excellencies shall end the Dispute ;

“ If you don’t look too fierce, or unaptly inter—

“ Mix a martial long Speech—and refuse to REFER. 260

“ But

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Ver. 259. *If you do not
look, &c.*

*Torvus Vultum si exu-as;
Si REFERRE non abnu-as;
Vanos misceas nec sermones
Tuo more.*

Myra here alludes to a remarkable Speech made by her Husband when he was a Member of the House of Com-

mons. For it having been moved to desire a Conference with the Lords upon some important Occasion, the Chevalier *Mars* rose up, and in a long Speech inveigh’d with great Warmth and Eloquence against all References, declaring, that he never knew any Good proceed from a Reference, and that all great Bodies as well as private Persons ought to determine their Differences in a more Gentleman like manner. *Tir-Oen* excuses this Blunder or *Lapsus* (as he terms it) and thinks, it shou’d not have exposed our

" But as Cudgels are wont to change mortal Condition;
 " I advise, 'tis expedient to sell our Commission.
 " Go, and feign a Disgust, well dissembling your Fears,
 " That *Cadog-n*, and *T—ple* are made Brigadeers.
 " Quit the Army in ire, where you have not your Right:
 " As *Achilles* be stout, and resolve—not to fight. 265
 " Thus she guileful bespoke me. Again I believ'd,
 " Tho' so oft by a semblance of kindness deceiv'd.
 " Now the Staff of my Age and my Office was sold;
 " I resign'd my last Stake, and my Wife seiz'd the Gold;

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our Hero to so much Ridicule, considering the Analogy between a Reference and Conference, and that every Reference necessarily implies one Conference at least. It will be proper in this place to observe, that *Myra* by her Address and Application to the Lords Justices obtained, that Mr. *B—llew* should be taken into Custody, and confin'd, till he had given his Parole of Honour to Drub the Warrier no more.

Ver. 264. *That Cadog-n and Temple, &c.*

*Clarus ille Eques Temple,
Et Cadog-n, &c.*

Our Author means the late Lord *Cadog-n* and the present Lord *Cobb-m*, two great and gallant Officers, who command ed in every Action, during the last War in *Flanders*, while our Hero was fighting at the Feet of *Myra*, or fighting Battles in his own Parlour.

Ver. 269. *Now the Staff, &c.*

*Splendidoq; nunc Bacillo
Viduus —*

He means the Silver Staff, which a Colonel of the Guards carries in his Hand, when he is in waiting at Court.

" Which a Winter consum'd, scarce supplying her Wants,
 " To retain learned *Pandars*, and purchase Gallants ;
 " To adorn her for Birth-Nights, and furnish for Play ;
 " While I cou'd not extort her own Grenadier's Pay.
 " Now forlorn and despis'd, when I had not a Friend,
 " Who my Signet wou'd trust, or a Moidore wou'd lend ;
 " Brother *Vol*, who has skill to diversify Shapes,
 " (Nor so wily is *Proteus*, or boasts such Escapes)

" Who

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Ver. 274. *While I cou'd not extort, &c.*

Nec stipendum mihi tantul'
 Ipse meruisti quantul'
 O Pileate, O Nervose
 Miles tu libidinosæ
 Deliciæ Anûs.

Tir-Oen here relates, how *Myra*, as she passed into the Castle one Evening, fell in Love with a tall Grenadier, who stood Centinel at the Gate. The force of this new Passion was so sudden and violent, that having dismiss'd her Chairmen and Footmen, she made no scruple of stepping into the Centry Box for immediate Relief. *Ne-Tentigine rampatur*, says the Commentator. She afterwards allowed the good Soldier a weekly Pension, till

his Strength failed him, and he became unfit for her Ladyship's Service ; or according to Mr. *Weylein*, *Cùm Libidine Miræ fatigatus recessit stipendio militari contentus*. This is the same Person, who in the third Book is call'd *Bombardomacrides*. The History of this Adventure is carefully preserved in the Archives belonging to the *Dublin Barracks* : And the Centry Box, which is now called the Temple of *Myra*, is shewn to all Strangers.

Ver. 277. *Brother Vol, &c.*

Vol Fraterrimus, qui catus
 Cunctos fallere, mutatus
 In novas Formas, nunc &
 nunc,
 Hunc mentitus, atq; hunc.
 Modo

“ Who a Constable, Captain, or Treasurer shines ;
 “ Or descends to blow Glass, or to delve in Coal Mines, 280
 “ Thus Uncol’nell’d instructs me, to act a new Part,
 “ To pretend, I had learnt Cynogetical Art.
 “ And behold my Success ! Where so gross an Affront
 “ I had whilom receiv’d, I commenc’d the Chief Hunt.
 “ Well I wot, that above ye are most of Opinion, 285
 “ That we ought, who have over all Beasts the Dominion,

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Modo Vol Constabularius,
 Capitaneus, Thesaurarius,
 Magna loquens :
 Jam effudit Vol Carbones
 Cunicu-lus : Jam Baronis
 Tument Buccæ, dum Vi-
 tré-us
 Stat. Callidior haud Prote-us
 Vinc’la fugit.

Proteus the Son of *Neptune* was 'the Keeper or Constable of the Sea. He cou'd transform himself into any Shape he pleased, by which means he escaped his Pursuers. See *Ovid. Met. Lib. 8.* Some Mythologists make *Proteus* a cunning Politician, who deceiv'd the People, and enriched himself with the Plunder of his Country.

Horace bestows this Name on a crafty knavish Debtor, who could not be bound

by any Obligations, or secured by the Hand of Justice.

*Scribe decem a Neric: non est satis: addo
Cicuge.*

*Nedost tabulas centum: milia addo catenas et
Effugiet tamen bac sceleratus vincula Pro-
teus.*

*Cum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis,
Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, & cum
volet, arbor.*

Bind him in Bonds : Or let the Knave confess

A Judgment. Yet the Debt shall ne'er be left. Send him to Jayl: the next Day he escapes, And sneers his Creditors in various Shapes. Now he's a Boar, a Crab Tree, or a Clod, Anon a Collier, Captain, or a God.

I forgot to take notice in my Note on Ver. 25. of the first Book, that *Vol* was some time Constable of *Dublin Castle*.

“ Or

“ Or to hunt the wild Boar, or to rouse the fierce Lion ;
 “ But to leave fearful Bucks to the Handmaids of *Dian*.
 “ Yet the Youth of *Ierne* the R—g—r revere,
 “ Who alone is intrusted to kill Royal Deer ; 290
 “ Ever praising my Hounds : Nor a Pack of more speed
 “ Or thy *Gratius* has sung, or *Britannia* can breed.
 “ Dogs, you know, in my Glory were sacred to *Mars* ;
 “ And are now the good Creatures, I chuse for Converse.
 “ Be recorded my Pets, all ye Nations Canine ! 295
 “ Be your Manners, and Genius’ the Emblems of mine !”

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Ver. 292. *Or thy Gratius has sung, &c.*

— Cantative
Tuus Gratius, generative
Britanniae Tellus. —

Gratius was an excellent Poet of the *Augustan Age*, a Contemporary with *Virgil* and *Ovid*. He wrote a Poem upon the Subject of Hunting, call’d *Cynogleton*. *Ovid* in the last Elegy of his fourth Book *de Ponto*, where he registers all the Wits of his Age, ranks this Author with *Virgil*.

Tytirus antiquas & erat qui pasceret Herbas ;
Aptaque Venanti Gratius arma daret.

Ver. 293. *Dogs you know, &c.*

— Ut, hos
Caninos, nostis, populos,
Cœlicolus cum fuisssem,
*Nostris gregis tum scripsif-
 sem.*
Exulantis idem Dei
Socii, Pettii audiant mei ;
*Quies ingenium, mens mar-
 tialis,*
Feri mores, mihi quales.

It was usual for the *Pagan Gods* to select and consecrate to themselves some particular Beasts and Birds (whose Qualities and

Here concluded the R—g—r, and seem'd to wax wroth ;
 Mutter'd something, and trembling turn'd white as the
 Cloth.

Thus *Apollo* rejoin'd. (But the God first knock'd under ;
 And resounded the Table, as had it been Thunder.) 300
 “ Lo ! I give up my Toast, and enough has been said,
 “ To convince me, your Consort's unworthy your Bed.

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and Manners (as they conceived) nearly resembled their own ; and which were therefore judged to be proper Symbols and Hieroglyphicks of the Divinity, by whose Favour they were thus distinguished. Dogs and Wolves were sacred to *Mars*, and are generally honoured by the old Poets with the Title of *Martii* and *Martiales*. We need only consult *Homer* to be informed what Analogy and Similitude of Manners there was between the Warrior and his Beasts.

Petti, *Pets* a Word used in this Country to signify any Creatures that are our Favourites ; such as Monkeys, Dogs, Parrots, Boys or Girls. 'Tis probably derived from the French *Petit*.

Ver. 297. *Here concluded, &c.*

Jam finierat Venator.
Cum, ut solet, irascatur.
Quidpiam mussat, exsanguisq;
Olli Facies, similisq;
Mentili, mappis. —

Pallidus irâ (says *Tir-Oen.*) He was pale with Anger. For Sir *Mars* always spoke in a Passion, even when the Subject Matter of Conversation was jocose and trifling, and did not in the least relate to himself.

Ver. 299.—*But the God
 first knock'd under.*

*Subternaq; ter pulsante
 Phoebo, quasi fulminante,
 Mensa sonuit quaffata :
 Turpi Mirâ recantatâ.*

When a controverted Point was yielded up to the Knight, which was frequently done, in order to put a Stop to his Noile and Clamour, he obliged his Opponent to knock under the Table in Token of Submission and Recantation. Hence it became a Proverb in the Provinces of *Leinster* and *Ulster*, *I knock under*, that is, I give up the Argument, I acknowledge my self in the Wrong.

“ I con-

“ I confess, I was dup’d by George G—n—lle’s Report ;
 “ Yet the Dame you describe, made a Figure at Court :
 “ In the Circle no Belle was so Gorgeous, and Gay ; 305
 “ And by Wax Light she seem’d neither Wrinkled, nor
 Grey.
 “ Long ago we had heard your unmartial Exploit :
 “ But the Cause was unknown, why you’re thus unadroit.
 “ I’m amaz’d, the good Maid, rather apt to carefs,
 “ Than insult an old Friend—or a Foe in distres, 310
 “ Shou’d a Stripling incite (horrid Deed !) to Cudg-el you :
 “ If he is not a Greek, how cou’d she know Jack B--ll--w ?
 “ But hereafter be safe ! eat, and drink, live at Ease ;
 “ And in spite of Minerva just act, as you please :

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Ver. 309. I’m amaz’d the Greek, and consequently was unknown to her.
good Maid, &c.

Virginemq; benevolam
Miror —

By the good Maid he means *Pallas*, whom he seems to justify, here insinuating the great improbability of her affilting Mr. B—ll—w, since he was not a

Ver. 313. But hereafter be safe, &c.

Posthæc gratior eat Dies !
Benè pastus, potus fies !
Minervâ dum incolumis
Invitâ facias, quicquid vis,
This

“ While the Man-making Knave I reward for his Pains ;
 “ For I'll send him a Vultur, and lay him in Chains. 315
 “ As for Hunting the Buck, which you so much delight in,
 “ Tho' I think it low Game--yet tis better than fighting.
 “ But to make more important your Office of R--ger ;
 “ And so bold since you ride, that you mayn't ride in dan-
 ger ;

320

“ I'll prevail on Lord *John* to salute you at Court,
 “ And I'll order my Sister to favour your Sport.”

The Debate was thus ended: New Toasts went about,
 Till the Wine tasted flat, and the Wit was all out.

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This is a double *Entendre*. And *Phebus* sneers the Warrior, while he seems to comfort him. To act in Opposition to *Minerva* was a Proverb among the *Romans*, alluding to those who undertook a *Buyness*, which they were neither formed by Nature, or qualified by their Education to perform.

Tu nibil invita dices facies vos Minervam. Hor.

Ver. 316. *For I'll send him a Vultur, &c.*

Hunc nebulonem conji-ciam
 In vinc'la rursus. Aqui-lam

Rursus pascat Prometheus
 Pectus! Audet sic in Demum!

The Poets feign, that *Jupiter* relenting the Actions of *Prometheus* ordered *Mercury* to chain him to Mount *Caucasus*, where a Vultur or Eagle came every Day and eat up his Liver, which grew again every Night. He was at last delivered by *Hercules*, who killed the Eagle with one of his Arrows.

Mars

Mars began an old Tale of a little Welch Queen ; 325

Of a Battle and Siege, which he never had seen.

Like a Tully he'd speech it ; like Phæbus he'd sing ;

And the World shall be mended---When he is a King.

Vol, who likewise was tipsy, talk'd out of his Trade ;

Of the Vows, and the Cures, and the Horns he had made.

330

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Ver. 325. *Mars began an old, &c.*

by our Knight in praise of himself, which he calls the *Martiad*. I remember the first six Verses, as follow.

Nunc anilem Mars Fabellam
Garrit ; Regis Ap Fæmellam
Laudat; clamat ; modo mingit ;
Obsidiones bella fingit ;
Marcum superat dicendo ;
Phœbum superat canendo ;
Orbem moribus ornaret,
Regnum siquis sibi daret.

I will praise the great God Mars, for of all
Gods be's most worthy to be prais'd.
And I'll sing Deeds so mighty, as shall cause
ev'ry Reader to stand amaz'd.
I'll relate, how he was much stouter than
Horsa, who first landed in Kent ;
And how he made better Speeches than any
Member of Parliament.
How that he cou'd have a Countess or Twain
When his Honour inclin'd to Kiss :
And that he cou'd write better Verses than
Homer : for he himself wrote This.

Sir Mars was a great Braggadochio when he was sober, as I remarked above, Ver. 137. But whenever he grew a little mellow, which commonly happened to him once a Day, he became outrageous in his Conversation, and exalted himself far above all other Beings. And at such time he was fully persuaded, that he did not only excel in Arms, but in all Arts and Sciences. Tir-Oen says, that he had perused a large Folio written by our Hero, entitled, *The Commentaries of Sir Mars, or the History of his own Times*, which had afforded him no small Diversion. And since I began this Translation I have seen the First Book of a Poem compo'd

It plainly appears from the *Exordium* of the *Martiad*, that our Hero despised Apollo's Advice, Ver. 235. and that he thought no Person so capable of writing his own Panegyrick as himself.

Ver. 329. *Vol, who likewise was tipsy, &c.*

Incudemq; jam Volcanus
Ultra sapit, Bacchi Anus :
Quæ, effutit omnia, vovit ;
Mœchus, Medicus quæ novit :

Mox

He'll invent a new Crystal, and hammer his Glasses ;

And his Mountains improve by a Stock of She Asses.

Pbæbus here looking out feign'd a sudden Surprise.

“ Oh! my Friends, see the *Pbosphor's* just ready to rise.

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Mox martello crystallina
Faciet, pocula divina !
Dum foecundant (olim seges
Erit) Afinarum greges
Newtoni Montem.

While *Vol* was sober, he was secret and silent. But if he chanced to grow tipsy, he then blab'd out every thing he had done, or intended to do. Then he made Vows of Vengeance, prescrib'd Cures for the Gout, and bragg'd of his Intrigues with Women of Quality. Then he conceived a thousand extraordinary Projects: And in one of these Fits he published that pompous Advertisement recited by *Tir-Oen*, in which our Bottle-maker undertakes to produce a sort of Glass, that should be equal to Crystal; and declares, that he has recovered the Art of making it malleable. *Vitrea Vasa facturus tenuitatis tantæ, ut si in Pavimentum maximo impetu projiciantur, collissa forent, at non fracta*, says *Tir-Oen*. “ That he would make Glass Vessels of that Solidity, that although they should be thrown down upon a Stone Pavement with the greatest Force, they should only be bruised, but not broken.” This extravagant Boast immediately raised the Expectation of all People, and we hoped to see Rivers of Gold flow into our Country, in consequence of such an useful Invention: When some malevolent Daemon visited poor *Vol*'s Glass-House, and in one Night's time put out all his Fires, broke all his Pots, Pans, &c. and dispersed his whole Train of Workmen and Fellow-

Labourers. It is an Opinion commonly received in the Provinces of *Munster* and *Connaught*, that the Destruction of the Glass-House was wrought by the Incantations of *Myra*, who imagined the *Volcans* of *Vol* to resemble Purgatory, a Word, which always made the Sorcerers tremble. But this I look on to be a Monkish Story. The most probable Account is that which I have lately received from my worthy Friend the Learned Dr. *Lewis Anthony O'Neil*, *Civibus quibusdam facta Dublinensis Volcani proprius explorantibus facile innuit Veterarem istum omnia moliri & magna loqui ad captandum Populum. Quapropter extinctis subito Ignibus, occlysiq; Fornacibus Cyclopas omnes Vitriarios expellere statuerunt. Episola Lud. Antonii O'Neil ad Peregrinum O Donaldum Dat. ex Portu Eblana. Martis Kalendis 1732.* “ Some of our Citizens, who more nearly inspected *Vol*'s Conduct, discovered all his Tricks, and plainly perceived, that he had no other Intention than only to amuse and deceive the People. Wherefore they immediately resolved to shut up the Glass-House, and drive away all the Bottle Makers”—This Relation is agreeable to what is said hereafter by *Mercury* in the Episode of the Gridiron.

Afinarum Greges. *Vol* had a Mountain Farm called *Newtown P.* which he stock'd with She Asses, and was the first who taught that Method of improving Lands in *Ireland*.

Ver. 334. *Oh! my Friends,*
see the Phosphor's, &c.

Sic

“ Tho’ I’m tippling with you so remote in the West,

“ I must set out exactly at Six from the East.

“ And besides—I have promis’d to call by the Way,

“ With the Muses to chat, ere I open the Day.

So the God took his leave flying strait to *Parnassus*;

To his Lodge drove Sir *Mars*, and *Vol* trudg’d to his

Glass-House.

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Sic, Amici, si potemus,
Tangomenas faciemus.
Ecce (signa novi) Phosphor-
-us jam ortus erit noster
Prodromus.

Phosphorus is the Morning Star, which rises just before the Sun. *Phosphore redde Diem.* Martial.

Tangomenes facere is to make a De-
bouch, and to drink till Day Light. *Pet.*
Arb.

Ver. 339. So the God took his
Leave, &c.

Deus vale dicens desuit ;
Fugit, ac Parnassum petuit :
Ædes suas Mars Equester,
Fornacemq; Vol Pedester.

Vol after his Bankruptcy affected great
Humility, and all outward Marks of
Poverty. He appeared meanly clad. He
pretended to feed on Roots and other Ve-
getables ; and generally walk’d the Streets,
even in the midst of Winter. Thus *Tir-*
Oen, Claudat licet Vol, pedibus tamen se
portat suis, pluviarum incursus & bruma-
lis frigoris patiens—And then he quotes
the following Lines out of that famous
Ode said to be written by *Trulla* the
Mud-Nymph in praise of *Vol*, with which
my Countryman concludes the second
Chapter of his Commentary.

Sexagestimum agens, atq; opulentior
Craffo, nunc Vitreus se patitur Vafer
Uri, nunc Luteus sub Jove frigido
Eblanae peragrat Loca.

Crafty *Vol*, tho’ waxen old,
And as rich as Consul *Craffus*,
Foots it now in Wet and Cold,
Now is frying in a Glass-House.

F I N I S.